

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV.—JUNE, 1870.—No. XLII.

A BEE HUNT ON THE PRAIRIE.

I.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

“O, HATTIE! we are going to have a bee hunt!” John threw himself on the steps of the porch beside her.

“A bee hunt! What do you mean?”

“Why, don’t you know? but you are a city girl. Bees make their nests in hollow trees, and Mr. Jones and father know where there are two trees full of honey, and they are going to take the wagon, while the moonlight nights last, and go there and get the honey — and —”

“But how can they get the honey? the bees will sting them,” interrupted Hattie.

“They cut down the trees, and smoke the bees out. Mr. Jones knows all about it; he is an old bee hunter.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Jones, coming up with Mr. Lape, and seating himself on the steps beside the children, at the same time taking from his pocket a crumpled red and yellow cotton handkerchief, with which he wiped his face, pushing his hair and hat back as he did so, “I blazed many a tree before you were born. It’s awful hot to-day, neighbor — uncommon for the season.”

Mr. Lape thought it was.

“Wall, as I was saying about the bees, sometimes we had a warm time on it. Those varmints, the Ingens, were sich mean thieves, and they loved honey as well as the bars did.”

“Do bears love honey?” asked Hattie.

“Bless you, yes; why, the greatest haul I ever had, I got by tracking a brown bar.”

“Tell us about it, please,” was the cry.

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“Wall, you see, I had squatted on a splendid tract of government land, pertly close among the Ingens on the frontier; our nighest neighbor was twenty miles off, but the red-skins were peaceable like. We had no callers ‘cept ‘White Head,’ a grizzly hunter nigh on to seventy years, who had spent all his life among the Ingens, and now he was gettin’ old, and thought he might be called home any time, he had come further in, for he wanted to die amongst white folks.

“We had an awful winter that year, — would have starved, I reckon, but for White Head, who brought us deer and bar meat. For two months we had no bread, fur I had cut my foot choppin’ wood, and had a terrible time on it; and marm, she had a little baby, and Joe, he was only three years old. It was gettin’ along into spring, and comin’ warm like, but marm and the childer couldn’t eat a bite, — they had got turned agin the meat, and ther warn’t nuthin’ else to be had. As it got warmer, and the grass got greener, it was wus; they hankered after things to eat, and looked so pinched and thin, it made my heart ache.

“It got to be the first of May, and the prairie was all specked with pretty little flowers, when, one day, marm, who had dragged herself out to see if she could find any prairie hens’ eggs, came in and dropped down, half faintin’ like, and sed, ‘Dad,’ sed she, ‘I seed some bees about on the blossoms, and I do believe if the childer and me had some honey, it would fetch us right up.’

"Good," says I, "old 'oman; you shall have it, if ther's any to be found on this government tract." My foot was gittin' better, and I had been studyin' what to do, while she was out. In a little while I had fixed my foot in a moccasin made of stout skin, tuck my gun, and was off.

"Some six miles ahead was a creek with big trees on its banks. I made for it, and looked hard at every tree, but could see nary hollow one, wher' bees could be. Presently, right on the side of the creek, close to the water, I saw some prints; and, puttin' my face down, saw they were the prints of a bar's feet in the mud, wher he had been drinkin'. Pushin' aside the leaves and young grass, I saw which way the varmint had gone, and followed him, forgettin' all about the honey.

"The tracks led along the bank for a matter of two miles, then tuck straight to a great cottonwood-tree, which grew in a thicket a little distance from the creek. I had often seen this tree, but had never been close to it. About six foot from the ground it branched off, and grew in three great prongs, each on 'em bigger than my body. I followed the bar's prints, and they tuck me right to the tree. The arth at the foot of it was dug up like, and the bark was tore off the trunk in places wher he had tried to climb up. What on arth he had been at, I couldn't tell. I looked up in the tree, which was only about half leafed out, it was so arly, but he warn't ther; so I turned around to find his trail agin, when I heard a little buzzin' noise, and saw a bee light on a branch above me.

"Aha!" says I; and I sat my gun agin the tree, and clum up into the forks, and looked about. Soon as I got ther I hard more low buzzin', and found directly that ther was a great hole in the upper side of the biggest prong, and that bees were hived ther. I laughed right out when I discovered this, for I knew what the bar had been about then; the bark of the tree was all torn off wher he had tried to git in the hole, which was only big enough for his snout, and I reckoned he had been stung by the bees, and made to quit.

"I put my hand in slyly and got a mouthful of the honey, that made me smack my lips and think of marm and the little ones; then I begun to consider how I should perceed to git it all, fur you see, honey was as good as gold to us, fur the bees had only begun to settle out West, and ther warn't much honey about. While I was cogitat-in', I hard a cracklin' in the bushes below, and lookin' down saw the bar makin' right fur the

tree. I guv one look, to see if I could git my gun before he was on me, but it had fallen to the arth, and I had nothin' to fight him with but my knife. I pulled it out, and jumped in a branch right over the forks, wher I could have a good chance at him.

"I kept still, and he came on easy like, till I got to the tree, and begun to climb; then I leaned forward and took a good thrust at him and let fly. I hit him right between the fore paws, and he fell back and rolled over and over; then, with a low growl, he got himself up, and came back agin on a dog-trot. He was a big fellow, and as mad as fire. I waited for him, but he was on his guard, and wary like; this time he kept his head up, on the lookout, with his mouth ready to grab; however, I watched my chance, and struck at his fore-paws. I cut one on 'em bad; but he only growled, and stuck the tighter. Puttin' my body as much out of the way as I could, I made a dive at his head, and hurt him, for he shook his head back and forth, and the bark he clung to guv way, and down he went agin. I saw I had my hands full. Before he came back I had laid my legs along up a limb, out of the way, and with my head and arms down, waited for him. I let him git as nigh as was safe, and, leanin' way over, held on with one hand, while I stove at him. He jerked back sudden, and my knife stuck fast in him, out of reach. Here was a sitivation. The sweat broke out all over me. I couldn't run with my foot. I thought of marm and the little ones.

"In a minet I had the wooden pail off my back, I had foched in case I got any honey, and with it I staved at him with all my strength. The blow took the handle of the knife, and druv it up to the hilt. He ground his jaws, and made the bark fly, in his rage. I at him agin, missed, and the pail flew to pieces agin the tree. Ther was nothin' fur it but to drop down and git my gun, and stand up to the fight, fur I couldn't run. I crawled to the end of the limb and dropped, hopin' the bar would be so high the honey he would let me alone. But I had hardly touched ground, when he was arter me. I seized my piece and blazed away, but didn't hit him. I had no time to load, so I backed agin a tree, prepared to fight with the butt-end of my gun, and feelin' already tore to pieces. I had clinched fur a great blow, when I hard the click of a piece, and 'Dodge to the fur side.' I went, like a duck under water. Ther was a bang, and the bar fell almost on me, and lay pitchin' and tearin'.

"'Wall, lad' (White Head always called me

lad), he sed, as he came up, 'I've been a-trackin' this bar since sun up, but had no idee you was on t'other end of the trail.' I told him of the honey. 'It's curus,' he said, as he stood leanin' on the muzzle, arter pokin' the bar with his piece, 'how such a great, rough, savage thing loves honey; he's larned it, too, in the last twenty years; fur when I fust come West, therw was never a bee over the Mississippi. I can tell the very year they crossed it, followin' the white man. As more settlers come, they come, — the more white men, the more bees. The Ingens never saw a bee till they saw the smoke of the white man's cabin; that's why they call it, "The white man's fly." An Ingen, who in his ignorance had poked his hand into a hollow stump wher they had hived, and been stung awful, so he could hardly keep from dancing with the pain, only he wouldn't, sed to me, "The white man hurts, — so does the white man's fly."

"Ther was an old grey-headed man come out here once, to watch the birds. He used to lay on the ground all day, still as an Ingen, to find out all about them, and stayed out of nights. He told me ther was never a bee in Amerika till Columbus came, and that arter the white man had sat his foot here the bees come."

"I had foached no axe, so we couldn't cut down the fork; but I plunged my knife in the hole, and got enough honey to guv marm and the childer a taste, though the bees made an awful fuss, and begun to come about me like mad, so we soon begun to make tracks. It did my heart good to see the childer eat the honey; the baby stuck his little fist right in it, then dug it in his mouth, a-crowng all the while. The next day White Head and me went back, and made a fire of dry leaves and green wood, to drive away and numb the bees, and then we cut the limb off. It was plumb full of sweet, yellow honey, with the prettiest, nicest white comb, I ever saw. We got marm's washtub full. The day arter, I put our old hoss, Bill, into the wagon that had foached us ther, and took half the honey, and made for Jim Fraiser's store. Jim lived in an old block-house, some twenty miles off, and kept a little sortment of flour, tea, powder, whiskey, and the like, when he could get 'em, to trade for skins with the squatters and the Ingens. I got some meal and flour, and a little tea for marm; and from that on we all looked up spry, and had good times."

"Don't bees love music?" asked Hattie, as the old man stopped and wiped his face again with his red and yellow handkerchief.

"Not as I knows of," Mr. Jones replied; "but they are wonderful creeters."

"There lived near us, on the banks of the river, in Cincinnati," Hattie went on to say, "a German, who had some hives of bees in his yard. He cultivated a large vegetable-garden on the other side of the river, where he also had bees. He would take his violin and begin to play on it, and the bees would come out of the hive as soon as they heard it, and swarm all about him; and he would walk through the street down to the boat, and go over the river, the bees going with him. They never stung him. When he got to the hives, in the garden over the river, he would stop playing, and the bees would leave him and go into the hive he pointed to. I have seen a crowd following him to hear him play, and see the bees."

"That was a real Ingen trick," said Mr. Jones, laughing. "He had hid the queen bee about him somewher, and they would follow him to the death, as long as he had her, and didn't hurt her; but I shouldn't like to have been in his shoes, if he did her any harm; they would have stung him to death. You see, he know'd their ways: and when he got over the river, he just slipped her in the hive, and they went in arter. I was as ignorant as town people about bees, until White Head told me; he larned it all from the old man that watched the birds. Ther wise creeters, I tell you. They have a government just like our government at Washington, only, instead of a president they have a queen. They have lazy bees — drones, they call 'em — hangin' about their queen, doing nothin', just like we have lazy men hangin' around our President. But here comes the schoolmaster; I recken he knows somethin' about bees."

"Bees! yes, indeed. I have seen the greatest hive of honey anywhere, I suspect." The "master" also seated himself on the steps.

"Wher?" Mr. Jones pricked up his ears.

"In Texas. I was up the Colorado River two years since, at the village of Austin, and joined a party going out on a bee hunt. At some distance from the village great cliffs form the bank of the river, which rise in some places almost perpendicular from the water's edge, to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. In these cliffs is a cavern containing tons of wax and honey, which is supposed to have been used as a store-house for bees for a century. The party I went with blasted the rocks with powder, and obtained a couple of hundred pounds. Most of the store was so deep in the cliff, we could not get at it."

"But," said John, "Mr. Jones tells us the honey-bee came to this country with the white man; and you read us, the other day, that among the presents the Indians offered Columbus, was honey."

"So I did. I once spoke of this to a gentleman who lived for a long time in the West India Islands, and will give you the explanation he gave me. He said, 'that the insect found there was a distinct species, about the size of the common bee, but thicker, and without sting. They abound, but are never domesticated by the inhabitants, and are left to pursue their calling in their own wild way. This species very much resembles the humble-bee in the way it forms its comb and selects its places of deposit, nothing coming amiss, from a tuft of grass to a cavern. The negroes frequently find a treat of deliciously pure honey on the ground, upheld by a few stones and blades, but smoothly and closely enveloped in wax, to protect it from the weather.'

"He also told me that a river, whose name I have forgotten, enters the sea at Mantawgus, flowing between banks, from one to five hundred feet high. That looking up, where the cliffs are highest, the eye is caught by what seems to be a cloud floating above, but is only the ingress and egress of bees, that have made their homes in the fissures of the rocks, far above the spectator, and which have never been disturbed. The place is called 'The Hives.'

Mrs. Lape appeared among them, to say supper was ready.

"Wall, master," said Mr. Jones, "live and larn. Your bee story beats my bar story, but I reckon both-on 'em are true." He prepared to go.

"O, Mr. Jones!" said Hattie, "do tell us about the Indians and the bees."

"Not to-night; marm will wait supper for me. To-morrow night, when we go on the bee hunt, I'll tell you 'bout the Ingens."

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

II.

THE PRIEST ALL SHAVEN AND SHORN.

WHEN Hans awoke from his nap on the deck of the sloop, he was astonished to find that it was broad daylight, for the shades of evening had been gathering when he lay down. He was also surprised when he saw that some one had thrown a tarpaulin over him, to protect him from the night air. He did not reflect very long upon these things; but accepting the facts, that he had slept all night, and that he had not taken cold, he arose, and made his way to his friend the deaf steersman, who again was the only occupant of the deck. Before he could open his mouth to address this gentle being, the man called out, "I can't hear a word you say. You must go below," and then he puffed away at his pipe again, and resumed his steadfast gaze over the bow of the vessel. Hans, according to these instructions, immediately went below; and there, in a little cubby-hole of a cabin, he found the captain eating his breakfast.

"Hello!" said the skipper. "Are you ready to pay me my money?"

"No, indeed!" said Hans. "What you charge

me would be more than twice as much as my expenses would be upon the high-road, and I think that travelling in a sloop ought to be cheaper than that, especially as I might be able to help you a little on the way. So, if you will put me out at the next pier, or as soon as we can hail a boat, I will pay you for the distance I have gone; and then I will strike across to the high-road. I know all this country well enough for that."

"What country?" asked the skipper.

"Why, all this region along the Leine," said Hans.

"Along the Leine?" cried the captain. "Perhaps you do; but this is not the Leine,—this is the Weser."

"The Weser!" said Hans. "Why, how long have I been sleeping?"

"About twelve hours," replied the captain; "and in that time we have had a good wind, and have sailed nearly fifty miles."

"Why, we will soon be at Bremen!" exclaimed Hans.

"Certainly we will," said the captain, "and so

you need not now talk of walking the rest of the way, to save your money. How much will you give me for the passage to Bremen?"

"I will give you three florins," said Hans.

"All right," said the captain, who seemed to have improved his temper since the night before. "Sit down and eat some breakfast."

So Hans sat down at a shelf at one end of the cabin, and the skipper placed before him five red herrings, a large piece of cheese, a small Bologna sausage, two common sausages, a half loaf of brown bread, four onions, and a large mug of very brown beer; and Hans ate and drank it all.

It was about an hour or so before noon when Hans stepped into the streets of Bremen. He spent several hours wandering about with his bag over his shoulder, seeking for an inn, where he might find lodgings. Now, as inns and taverns were plenty enough in Bremen, it may seem strange that Hans should take so long to find one to suit him; but he was very desirous of selecting a place which should look as if its rates for board and lodging were low, and yet should be respectable enough to have served at some time for a stopping-place for his father, in which case he hoped to learn something from the landlord in relation to the object of his search. But Hans got hungry before he found an inn which even appeared to answer all his requirements, and so he stepped into the next one he saw. Here he got his dinner, and made arrangements for a night's lodging. During the afternoon he desired to ask some questions of the landlord; but as there was no landlord, he was foiled in this desire, and his attempt ended in his undergoing a thorough questioning and cross-examination at the hands of Dame Schelten, the good woman who kept the house. She knew nothing of the father before she saw the son, but before supper time she knew all that Hans could tell her. Hans remained at that inn for several days, and had no fault to find with either the hostess, the fare, or the charges; but he soon saw that when his money was gone he would be in a very bad fix, for he could not go out and shoot hares, and sell their skins in the city of Bremen. So, after a great deal of reflection, and considerable discussion of the matter with Dame Schelten, Hans determined to find, if possible, some situation in the city, which would not be as permanent as a trade, and which would support him, if nothing more, while his inquiries concerning his father were being prosecuted. But such a position as this was very difficult to procure; and if it had not been for the good Dame Schelten, who knew ex-

actly how much money Hans had, and just how long it would last, it is probable that he would never have found it. But one day, after breakfast, she came in from the market-house with a large goose in one hand, a basket of cabbages and carrots in the other, and a plan for Hans in her head.

"Come this evening with me," said she, "and I think I can find you a place."

So that evening they went. They crossed the Weser, and went into the more modern part of the city. After a tolerably long walk, during which Dame Schelten informed Hans that they were going to the house of her pastor, who, she had heard, was in need of just such a young man as himself, they arrived at a little house in a large street, and were admitted by a woman who looked considerably older than did any hills with which Hans was acquainted. The visitors were ushered into the kitchen, and Dame Schelten went up-stairs to see if she could speak with the master of the house. In a short time she returned for Hans, and together they entered a small room with walls, floors, and furniture, covered with books, charts, and papers. There was room enough, however, for one man to sit down and two persons to stand. So Hans stood up by the side of Dame Schelten, and made his respects to the man who was seated, whose dress and appearance proclaimed him a Roman Catholic priest. Now Hans did not like this at all. Like most of his countrymen, he had been bred a Lutheran, and had a great dislike to everything which savored of popery. So he looked with little pleasure at the black-eyed man, who stroked complacently his smooth chin, while he questioned Dame Schelten.

"So this is the young man you spoke of. Now I should call him a boy," said the priest.

"Hardly that, good father," said she. "He is older than he looks, and is as fit for a secretary, according to my ideas, as many a man of twice his age."

"And what may your ideas be?" asked the priest, still slowly stroking his chin.

The good woman found some difficulty in stating what her ideas were, and the priest relieved her by stating his own upon the subject. He wanted a secretary, — one who could not only write a good hand, but a person who was familiar with several modern languages. "Now, I suppose this young person," said he, "knows no tongue but his native German."

"No, sir," said Hans. "I know no language but that."

"In particular," continued the priest, "I desired a person who could write and speak English"—

"O!" cried Hans, "I can speak some English."

"Why then," asked the priest, "did you say that you knew no language but your own?"

"I didn't suppose you called English a language," said Hans. "I thought you meant Greek and Latin."

"But English is a language, and a very good

chin. "Now, what does all that mean?" he asked.

"The first," answered Hans, "means, 'Be quick, Hans, I'm waiting.' The second you say when your fishing-line gets tangled all up, or when the bait is overset in the river. And the other one means that a person does not know whether it is going to rain, or not."

"Indeed!" said the priest. "And now pray tell me where you learned all this."

"There was an Englishman who stayed a month with Herr Koppel last fall. I lived with Herr Koppel, you know," said Hans, turning to Dame Schelten; "and he used to take me out fishing with him. He said those things so often, that I learned them; he told me the meaning of them also."

"Well," said the priest, "the Englishman was a better linguist than moralist. You speak the language — what you know of it — remarkably well for a German. Your accent is very good, but I hardly think your knowledge will ever be of much avail to you. However, come to me to-morrow morning, and I will examine you in reference to your other accomplishments. I may find something for you to do."

So Hans and Dame Schelten departed, and the next morning the boy came to see the priest (for it would not do to throw away a chance, even when offered by a Roman Catholic), and Father Anselm, finding that he wrote a very plain hand, gave him some copying to do, which would occupy him for a couple of weeks, and would pay him enough for a frugal support.

After this, Hans got other jobs of the kind from the priest; and as the latter was not able to find the secretary that he desired, he began to em-

ploy Hans in that capacity, and in part payment for his services he gave the boy lessons in English and mathematics. Hans was a quick fellow to learn, and in a few months he found himself regularly installed in the house of Father Anselm, as a secretary under instructions. In a year he was a very fair English scholar, and no mean hand at the higher branches of mathematics. At first the priest made several attempts to win Hans over to the doctrines of his church; but, finding the boy so strongly Protestant, he



one," said the priest. "And now let us hear what you know of it. Can you speak it correctly?"

"I can say some things," said Hans.

"What?" asked the priest.

Then Hans, with a good accent, and very distinctly, said in English, "Hurry up there, you Dutch jackass!" "A pretty kettle of fish, indeed!" And, "To go, or not to go,—that's the question!"

The priest smiled, and ceased rubbing his

gave up these attempts, unwilling to lose a good and cheap clerk for the sake of getting a possible proselyte.

In this time Hans made every effort in his power to discover some trace of his father, but with no success. He wrote to the mayors of several towns in the neighborhood of Bremen, but only received one answer, and that was entirely unsatisfactory. He also wrote to his old friends the Koppels, and they were very glad to hear that he was so well off, but did not care to dampen his spirits by the announcement of his father's death, until in one of his letters he stated that he thought he had been in Bremen long enough to have found his father, if he was there, and that he had an idea of soon going to Hamburg, to see what could be done in that city. Then old Koppel wrote him what he had heard of Carl Steiner's death in Westphalia. For a month or two after receiving this letter, Hans went about his business without saying scarcely a word to any one. The news of his father's death was the most dreadful shock he had ever had, and he had no one with whom he could share his grief; for although Father Anselm was kind enough, he never invited that confidence from Hans which probably would have arisen between them, had the boy been a Roman Catholic. After a time, however, Hans took to going to see Dame Schelten nearly every evening, and her lively discourse and sensible advice had a good effect upon him, and before spring he was nearly the same old Hans, only a great deal smarter and taller.

About this time Father Anselm made a proposition to Hans which gave him a great deal of pleasure. He asked him how he would like to take a business trip to England. Hans thought it would be the most delightful thing in the world, and the arrangements for his departure were soon made. He would have liked to have gone to Neustadt, to pay the Koppels a farewell visit; but the trip would have cost both time and money, and the priest discountenanced it, especially as Hans might soon return to Germany. So he contented himself with a letter to his old friends, in which he promised to pay them a visit as soon as he returned.

The vessel in which Hans was to go did not sail from the city, but from Cuxhaven, and the trip there from Bremen Hans made in a post-chaise,—or rather, post-wagon,—in the company of the priest, who, on the way, gave his directions and instructions, which were all verbal, but which Hans learned exactly as he would

have learned a lesson, and recited to his companion several times. Stopping at a little village to change horses and dine, they met a gentleman from Holland, who was also travelling post, but in a different direction. This man appeared to take the greatest interest in the priest and his young friend, but did not evince any curiosity concerning them, except what was expressed by his eyes, which seemed never to be taken from them.

"That man thinks he knows us," said Hans.

"Perhaps he does," was the only reply of the priest.

Before it was time for the post-chaise going north to start, the gentleman from Holland went out in the kitchen, where his servant, an ugly fellow, was eating his dinner. He took this ugly fellow into the yard, and said to him,— "Pay the post-boy who rides with that priest to let you take his place. Their wagon is an open one, and you can hear what they talk about. Remember all they say from here to Cuxhaven. Come back as quickly as you can. I will wait here for your report."

So the ugly fellow rode all the way to Cuxhaven with Father Anselm and Hans, and disturbed them very much by the awkward manner in which he managed the horses. But they arrived in safety, and the ugly servant hastened back to his master.

"Well, what did they say?" asked the worthy gentleman from Holland.

"That's more than I know," said his servant, "for they talked English all the way."

The Hollander took off his hat and rubbed his head.

"English, indeed!" said he to himself. "Well, perhaps that's enough, of itself." Then he went off across the country in the direction of the broad mouth of the river Ems, and although his postilion drove as fast as he could, this good gentleman from Holland never seemed satisfied.

Although Hans arrived at Cuxhaven on the evening of a Tuesday, he did not sail until the morning of the next Thursday, for the lading of the *Dolphin* (the schooner in which his passage was taken) was not quite completed. Father Anselm, however, returned on Wednesday, which day was spent by Hans in wandering about the shore, and in gazing over the blue waters, so novel and delightful to him. When at last they set sail and ran out of the harbor into the waters of the North Sea, his delight for a time was almost extravagant. The day was beautiful, the wind was favorable, and they soon saw the heights

of Heligoland looming up on the northern horizon. Then, as they ran along the northern coast of Hanover and Holland, hardly ever getting out of sight of the numerous islands which stand like a row of sentinels along the line of the shore, he was interrupted in his pleasant occupation of admiring the vast stretch of ocean and the distant sails, by certain feelings by no means pleasant, which made him go below and lie down. But Hans was not sea-sick long, and when, on the second day of the trip, the captain told him to look at Texel Island, for that would be the last land he would see until he reached England, Hans was as lively as any one on board, and would have been well pleased to have lost sight of land for a month. Early the next morning a sail was perceived on the weather bow of the schooner, and when the nearer approach of the vessel showed that it had a great many sails, and was a Dutch man-of-war, Hans was full of hope that it would come near enough for him to see the cannons and the uniformed sailors. In a short time it was evident that the man-of-war intended coming as close as she could, for she steered so as to run across the schooner's course, as if she wished to head her off. At this, the captain of the schooner put his vessel's head a little more to the westward (she had been running almost due southwest), but the change of course did not seem to suit the Dutchman, for she fired a gun across the bows of the *Dolphin*, as a signal for her to heave to. At this the mate stepped up to the captain.

"What do you suppose that means, sir?" said he.

"It's more than I know," replied the captain, with his eye fixed steadily upon the man-of-war, which was now not more than half a mile away.

"I suppose we'll put her head up to the wind and wait for a boat," said the mate. Now the wind was almost due south, and the two vessels were sailing on the sides of a triangle, which would soon bring them together. Therefore the man-of-war was seen taking in sail. The captain of the *Dolphin* did not immediately answer his mate, but directly he said, "No, I think we will put her stern to the wind. We have a better chance of getting away from that Dutchman now, than when she has overhauled us."

"You can't sail away from her," cried the mate.

"Before the wind I think I can," said the captain.

The crew were all on deck, but the force was

rather too small to put the vessel before the wind in as great a hurry as the captain desired. But every man was ordered to his post, and Hans volunteered to let go a sheet-line when the order should be given. The helm was put hard-a-port, the *Dolphin* turned her head nearly due north, and then, with every sail set fair, she went spinning away toward Norway as hard as she could. This manœuvre was of course perceived by the man-of-war before it was fully accomplished, and that vessel put her head about and went before the wind toward Norway, as hard as she could go, sending in advance sundry cannon-balls, which traveled toward Norway at the rate at which each vessel would have been glad to have sailed, if the thing could possibly have been managed. But none of these balls struck the *Dolphin*, and her captain's confidence in her ability to sail well before the wind, was not misplaced; for, before night, the man-of-war had lost considerable ground—or rather, water,—and when the sun rose the next morning she was nowhere to be seen. But the *Dolphin* still kept northward, only she varied her course to the northwest, and sailed under as little sail as possible. About evening she put about, and went southward again. All the next day she sailed south, making long tacks, to avail herself of the wind, which had not changed its quarter. At night she sailed as nearly in the wind's eye as possible, and being thus close-hauled, and sailing very slowly, about midnight she ran plump into the mizzen-rigging of the Dutch man-of-war. The *Dolphin*'s bowsprit just grazed the stern of the ship, and the two vessels came together with the force of the collision greatly broken. Everybody was on the deck of the schooner in an instant, and the captain quickly recognized the great ship, that loomed up before him in the darkness. Not a light was burning on either vessel, for one was too desirous of overtaking the other, and the other too anxious to get away, to allow of their betraying their position by the ordinary signs. The captain of the man-of-war now made his appearance on the quarter-deck of his vessel, attended by several officers and men, with lanterns.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Glad to see you. Been waiting for you for two days. Strike your mainsail, put your helm a-port, and fall alongside to leeward."

As the ship was making greater headway than the schooner, although sailing under shortened canvas, the different motion of the vessels had now separated them slightly, and the order of the captain of the man-of-war was intended to bring

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the *Dolphin* in a position where she would lie out of the power of the wind, which would be kept from her by the larger vessel (on which all hands were now taking in sail), and where she might be conveniently boarded.

Seizing the helm himself, the captain of the *Dolphin* put it hard-a-starboard, and shouted his orders to clap on every rag, and let out every reef. Catching the full force of the wind the moment her head was brought around eastward, the *Dolphin* slipped away in the darkness on a course almost at right angles with that of the man-of-war, who became almost invisible in a few moments. But a flash of light, a clap of thunder, and a ball whistling through the rigging of the *Dolphin*, soon proved that her gunners knew very well where to find the schooner. Another and another shot flew over the water, and one ball went through the mainsail, and another cut the stays of the foretop-mast, so that that valuable piece of wood would have been lost to the *Dolphin*, had not the small size of the crew made a delay in the setting of the foretop-sail, and thus caused the damage to be perceived in time. But although without a foretop-sail, the schooner flew along over the water at a rate which soon took her out of the ken of the gunners on the man-of-war, though the firing was kept up at random for a half hour or more. Into the darkness sped the *Dolphin*, knowing well that it would take some time to put the man-of-war

about and to set all her sails for the chase. Instead of running north, as she did before, she kept up to the northeast, as though she were about to run into some port in Denmark. But in the morning the man-of-war was not to be seen, and it was useless to make any pretenses, when there was no one to see them. So the *Dolphin* put back again for the coast of Great Britain, making a very great curve to the north as she did so, and arrived off the Frith of Forth in about four days. Then keeping within safe distance of the coast, she took a southeasterly course toward her destination. During the trip a great deal of wonder was expressed at the course of the man-of-war, in making such efforts to capture an unoffending merchant vessel, and the captain once remarked to Hans, "I should not be surprised if you were at the bottom of all this."

But Hans could not for the life of him see what a Dutch man-of-war could want with him.

The intention of the captain was to proceed to London, but his voyage had been so much longer than usual, that he ran into Yarmouth, from which place Hans went to London in a stage-coach. During his journey through the fruitful counties of Sussex and Essex, Hans was delighted with all he saw from the top of the coach, but his heart was chiefly filled with the thought that he was going to London,—to London, the greatest city in the world!

A WOOD-ROBIN ABROAD.

BY W. H. GOODRICH.

I WONDER how many of the boys and girls who read the "Riverside" ever heard the wood-robin sing. A good many have heard him sing who never saw him. I am going to tell you about one that I met in a foreign land, and who recognized me for a fellow-countryman. But in the first place I want you to know something about the bird himself, and his voice and ways. There is nothing better for a stout boy, or girl either, who can walk as far as they have a mind to, and who love the beauty of the woods and streams, than to learn the habits of all living things, that have their homes, and carry on their work, and play, and family life, all around us. Have you ever read "Homes without Hands?" It is a capital story-book, and true as the gospel.

But about the wood-robin. In the first place, he is a thrush, and not a robin at all, except by courtesy. He is hardly even a distant cousin of the English bird which bears that name. He is a thoroughly North American bird, and is found in all our woods east of the Missouri River, and down to the Gulf of Mexico. He is about the size of the robin (really a thrush too) that we see hopping about our lawns, and pulling the earth-worms so skillfully out of their holes. But he is rather more slender, and has no red breast. His color is brown, darkening toward his tail, somewhat mottled with dark spots, and he is white underneath. He is a shy bird usually, and does not sit still to be looked at, but flies deeper into the shade if he hears footsteps near, or sees

any of the larger bipeds coming into his haunts. Yet he does not stay only in the woods. When I was a boy, I lived on Temple Street, New Haven, under some grand old elms. One tree in front of my father's house was more than eighty feet high, and out of the upper branches, almost every day, the wood-robin's note rung, till I learned it by heart, and came to love the bird as I did my other neighbors. But the bird himself was rarely to be seen. He was more a voice than a bird; and when, sometimes, out of the garret window, I caught sight of him as he flitted from branch to branch, I wondered how so small a body could produce so loud a note. The wood-robin has two principal songs, which he repeats all day without tiring himself or tiring you. Besides these, he sometimes indulges in a set of variations more rapid and irregular. But the beauty of his voice comes out in three or four ringing notes, clear, round, and mellow as a bell, and like no other bird-song. He has two strains, the first of which is quick and brilliant, and the other soft and tender, almost minor in quality, as if he first said something in his haste, and then had, following it, a sober second thought. I will write these two strains just as he utters them in succession, with a little pause between.



There may be a difference in different birds, or in their notes, at different ages. Like professional singers, they are a little capricious in voice, and sharp or flat a trifle at times, but the song is quite uniform, as I have written it above; and when it breaks from the leafy covert of a high tree, it rings down the aisles of the woods for a quarter of a mile. I think I have heard it much further even than that, on a still summer day. It seems to make the intervening silence deeper. Audubon speaks of this bird as his greatest favorite, and tells how its sweet, mellow notes, ris-

ing and falling in gentle cadence, cheered him in the solitary and dense forests of the West.

Well, it happened in the summer of 1868, that I was in London, and in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park. I was walking through the grounds with the best woman in the world, who, though she does not speak in meeting, will testify to the truth of this incident, which really affected us both. We were passing the Aviary, which is nothing but a great wire cage, twenty feet high, or more, and perhaps a hundred feet long. It is divided into compartments, which are occupied by different sorts of birds; and at the back are sheltered boxes along a wall, where, if they please, they can nestle in wet weather. In one of these compartments my eye lighted on my old friend, the wood-robin. He was alone and silent, and seemed moping about in a rather aimless way. I said to Madame, "I'm sure that is a wood-thrush, and I will speak to him." So I whistled (as I used to do when a boy) the first three notes of the song written above. I wish you could have seen the change which came over the bird. He answered me instantly in the same notes, and came flying to the edge of his prison, all in a flutter, cocking his head this way and that, and ogling me with one eye and then with the other. I whistled the other three notes, and he answered me again, quick as thought. He kept hopping about on the stone ledge from which the grating rose, as if he could not contain himself, and there we had it back and forth, first one strain and then the other, as sharp as a Yankee bargain. Suddenly he flew back to the shed and brought his mate, who did not sing, but seemed to understand the whole matter as well as we did. This lasted for twenty minutes at least, and was interrupted only by our going away with tender hearts for the bright little prisoner. If ever I held a conversation in my life, I did with that wood-robin in Regent's Park. I have met fellow-countrymen in distant lands, who seemed glad to see me; but, if ever I was welcomed by a genuine American heart, or made it glad with memories of its own land, it was the heart of that exiled wood-robin.



IN A HURRY.

BY SARAH JEWETT.

O, SILLY little Calla ! why,
You had enough to do ;
Who ever thought of blossoms yet
From such a child as you ?
Grow tall and strong all winter long —
That's what you should have done ;
How came you to forget your leaves,
Besides that little one ?

I think so small a bud as hers —
Never before was seen ;
I thought it was her second leaf,
That little twist of green.
And yesterday I moved her out,
To give her sun and room,
And found she'd made the best of things,
And really meant to bloom.

The busy thing ! The leaf she has
Can hardly stand alone ;
But I suppose she could not rest
Until her best was shown.

I wonder if some other plants
Will tell their secrets too, —
Your grown up sister 's so discreet,
And not at all like you.

The cross old cactus gorgeous is, —
That cloud is silver lined, —
And over all his thorny stalks
The smilax threads have twined.
The slender tall abutilon
Is gay with golden bells ;
The perfume from the violets
Of hidden blooming tells ;

Geraniums, the friends of years,
Good-tempered, green old pair ;
The lemon and the orange-tree
Have long been standing there.
Among the leaves of salvia
The blossoms flame and fall ;
But little Lily is the dear
And darling of them all.

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

II.

AN EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING ACCURACY.

In the previous article I stated the principle on which certain parts of a triangle determine certain other parts, in these words : " If two lines converge toward each other at the ends of a third line, the length of which is known, the amount of the convergence, as measured by the angles, will determine the distance at which they will meet."

Any young persons who may be so disposed, can easily verify this principle, and at the same time impress it indelibly upon their minds, by applying it to the purpose of measuring the width of a street, from a room looking out upon it, without leaving the room. This may be done on the principle above explained, in the following manner.

Place a table opposite to each of the two

front windows, — supposing that there are two, — and place upon each a small board, into which a tack or a pin may be driven. Lay a sheet of paper flat upon the board, and drive in the pin or the tack, through the paper into the wood, at or near the centre. Load the boards with books or other weights, — placed outside the pins, — so as to prevent them from slipping upon the table.

Now connect these pins by a thread of known length, say eight or ten feet, according to the space. Little loops may be made in the ends of the thread, to be passed over the heads of the pins, and then the thread may be drawn tight by moving the boards or the tables. If necessary, the thread must be supported in the middle by a third table, or by a stand.

We have thus a measured base line with two

fixed stations, one at each end of it. It remains now to measure the angles at these stations.

For this purpose we first fix upon some point across the street for the apex of the triangle that we are to constitute. The stem of a tree, the top of a gate-post, or any marked point in the architecture of a building, will answer. We then take a ruler, and placing one edge of it against the pin on one of the tables, we adjust the outer end so that that edge shall be in the line of direction, as nearly as possible, with the point selected. This can be done by taking sight along the edge, and then a pencil line can be drawn, to transfer the edge-line of the ruler to the paper. The angle which this line forms with the thread will be one of the angles of our triangle. The other angle, at the other end of the base line, can be determined in the same way. The line of the thread, which will of course form one side of each angle, can be transferred to the paper by bringing the edge of the ruler up to the thread, and drawing a pencil line to coincide with it.

We thus have one side of the triangle and the two adjoining angles ascertained. We have now only to take a third sheet of paper and construct a diagram of the imagined triangle, in miniature, by laying down a line containing as many tenths of an inch, or as many equal parts of any other convenient value, as the thread contained feet, with lines converging from the two ends of it at the same angles with those marked upon the papers, and continuing them until they meet. We shall thus have a small triangle, of the same form with the large one, and containing sides in the same proportion; and we have now only to measure one of the converging lines in this small triangle by the same scale with that on which the base line was drawn, to find the length in feet of the corresponding line in the large triangle which extended across the street. Of course if the *perpendicular* distance across the street is required, the point sighted to on the other side must be opposite to one of the windows, so as to make the angle at that end of the base line a right angle.

This method is perfectly precise in itself. The result obtained by the process will deviate from the truth only so far as the measurements, in the performance of it, deviate from accuracy.

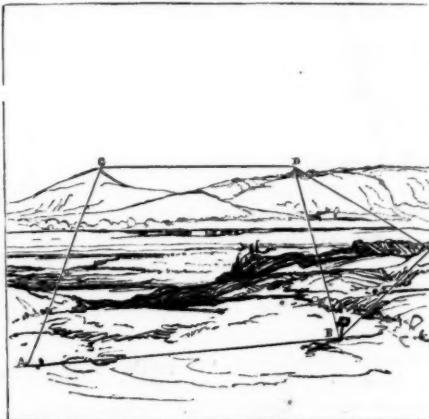
ONLY ONE BASE LINE REQUIRED TO BE MEASURED ON THE GROUND.

It will be observed that in order to perform the operation above described, one of the sides

of the triangle must be known, to enable us to find the others. This makes it necessary, in surveying, to measure *one* line upon the ground. But it is only one side of the first triangle that has to be so measured. For the triangles are so connected that each side of any one is also a side of another next adjoining it, so that for surveying the second triangle we have only the angles to measure.

CONNECTION OF THE TRIANGLES.

Thus, in the adjoining engraving, if the side A B is measured, and the angles at A and B, the other sides, A C and B D, can be determined by calculation. But B D is one of the sides of the adjoining triangle, so that for that triangle we



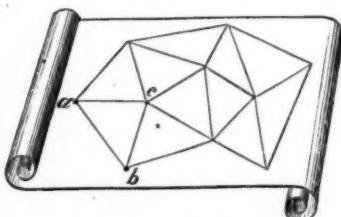
Connection of the Triangles.

have only angles to measure, — and so of all the rest.

This fact, that only one line has to be measured on the ground for the whole survey, enables the surveyor to devote a great deal of time, and to take every precaution to make the measurement as accurate as possible. He can, moreover, choose the place for this line wherever he pleases. Of course he selects a spot where the ground is smooth and level, and free from obstructions of every kind. In important cases he makes his preparations for the measurement with the utmost care, and has measuring-rods and other instruments made, of extreme accuracy. So delicate and difficult is this operation, in cases where the utmost attainable precision is required, that it would require a volume to describe the whole process of measuring a base line, as it has sometimes been performed.

GENERAL PLAN.

The base line being measured, the stations on the various elevations being fixed, and the angles made by the several lines meeting at the stations being ascertained, — with the proper corrections, of course, for the different level of the different stations, — the system of triangles resulting can then be delineated upon paper, forming a plan of the triangulation, as shown in the engraving. The centres, *a*, *b*, *c*, and so on, will mark true places of all the prominent points in the territory surveyed, and the situation of all the minor points can easily be determined by special measurements. The result will be an accurate map or plan of the whole region.



Plan of the Triangulation.

TRIANGULATION NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY.

The process of surveying a territory in this manner by triangulation is of course a slow and laborious work, and it is not necessary to take so much pains, except where the land is very valuable, and the constructions connected with the road are to be very costly, as is usually the case in Europe. In this country, where land is cheap, and where all the interests involved in the work are comparatively small, so minute and careful a survey is often not required.

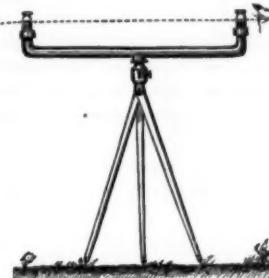
LEVELING.

In laying out the road, it is not only necessary to make an exact plan of the surface, but also to *level* the line determined upon for the course of the road. Leveling the ground, however, in the language of surveyors, does not mean reducing it to a level by excavations and fillings, but only the determination of where the true level would come. The track is seldom made to conform precisely with this true level. It follows it more or less closely, according to the nature of the grounds.

APPARATUS USED IN LEVELING.

The apparatus used for this purpose consists of a *leveling instrument*, so called, and two *leveling*

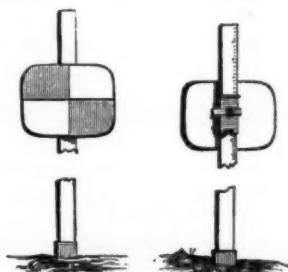
staves. An idea of the general structure of a leveling instrument, and of the principle on which it operates, is shown in the adjoining engraving.



Leveling Instrument.

It consists of a horizontal tube mounted on a stand by means of a hinge joint, which allows of the elevation or depression of either end. The ends of the tube are turned up, and terminated by two short glass tubes. The tube is filled with water, which of course rises to the same level in each branch; and thus the observer, by sighting along the surfaces of the water, can determine what point at a distance is level with his eye. Such an apparatus as this is called a *water level*. It is introduced here, however, only for the purpose of illustrating the general nature of the process. In the leveling instruments now generally used for nice operations, the liquid employed is alcohol, and not water; and the construction of the instrument itself is quite complicated. It is provided usually with small telescopes for distant vision, and with the means of making many nice adjustments, not necessary to be explained here.

In addition to the leveling instrument, two *staves* are used, which consist of upright bars, with movable slides, which can be adjusted to any height upon them. The slides are painted



Leveling Staves.

on their face, in alternate squares of very distinct colors, so as to enable the observer at the instrument to discern easily the central line. The slides are held by a spring, which, however, allows them to be moved up and down easily, as directed by the gestures of the observer at the instrument, and the bars are graduated on the back side, as shown in the right-hand figure of the engraving, so that the operators who hold them can read the height of the centre line from the ground, very readily.

THE PROCESS.

The manner of using the apparatus is shown by the accompanying engraving. The leveling instrument is there seen placed in the middle, between the two staves, A and B, and the difference of level between the two points at which the two staves are placed, is at once determined.

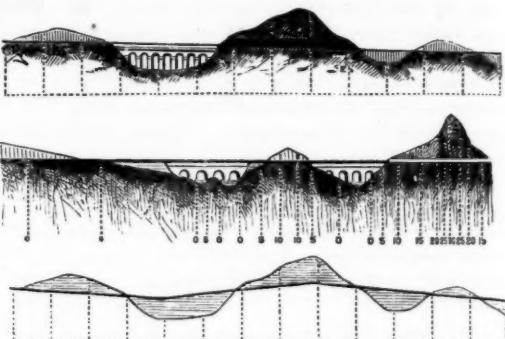


Operation of Leveling.

THE RESULTS.

The results of the *triangulation* enable the engineers of the road to construct a *plan* of the whole surface of the territory which the road is to traverse, and to form an intelligent judgment in respect to the course of it, as affected by the general outlines of the country, — the position of

towns and villages, and valuable estates, — and by the course of streams of water. By the re-



Profiles.

sults of the *leveling operations*, on the other hand, the ascents and descents of the ground along the line of the road, can be determined, and drawings, called *profiles*, can be made.

These profiles show all the changes of level along the line of the road, indicating the points where hills are to be cut through, and where valleys are to be traversed by viaducts or embankments; and where inclines are necessary, they show the precise length and the precise angle of inclination. The manner of drawing the profiles is such as to show whether a tunnel or a cut is intended, in case of a hill, and whether it is by a bridge or an embankment that a valley is to be crossed. In a word, the plans and the profiles together, show everything that it is desirable to know.

When all these measurements, calculations, and drawings are made, the line is divided into sections, which are let out to contractors, and these bring on their gangs of workmen, and at once break ground.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOUNTAINS.

On the commencement of the ensuing summer vacation, Colonel Moreland announced his inten-

tion to visit his mountain domain, and at the same time formally presented his son with a double-barreled fowling-piece of the best English manufacture. The possession of this long desired gun and the proposed visit to the Mullinx

family excited Beverly's imagination to the highest point, and thenceforth his dreams by night and his discourse by day were of nothing but deer, bears, and panthers. He rode over to the Belmeades to show his gun to Frank and Lucy, and inform them of his proposed trip. Frank was delighted with the new piece, which had percussion locks, and was fatal to birds at long distances. The boys popped at everything they could see in the shape of game, and talked incessantly about it while in the house. Lucy was by no means as much pleased as Beverly thought she ought to have been. She regarded the new favorite coldly, declared she was afraid of guns, and couldn't bear to be in company with one. It seemed as if she regarded the gun as a rival and was jealous of the new toy, and when Beverly took leave he left her pouting. Davy Meeker, now quite recovered, was not forgotten, and was allowed with trembling hand to discharge the gun several times, to his great delight and the trepidation of his sister Mary, who feared he might get hurt.

At length the expedition started for the mountains. Colonel Moreland and Beverly took the lead on horseback, each carrying his hunting piece strapped across his back. Caesar and Bill followed in a light covered wagon drawn by one horse, and containing baggage and provisions, with some fishing-rods and extra ammunition. Caesar, being an old campaigner, took great delight in superintending these preparations, and called himself the Quartermaster-General. Bill, overjoyed at being enlisted in so important a service, was as active and obsequious as any one could have wished.

Traversing the valley westward and crossing several inferior mountain ridges, the party halted to lunch by a shaded spring on the banks of Sleepy Creek, in Morgan County. As the day was hot and the roads dusty, the gentlemen then changed places with the servants and drove in the wagon to their proposed resting-place at Slane's Cross Roads, in Hampshire County, where a hearty supper and profound sleep put them in good condition to resume their journey in the morning.

Before sunrise the gentlemen were again in the saddle. Caesar was ordered to drive directly to Romney, while the Colonel and Beverly turned out by a side road to visit a notable natural curiosity in that vicinity.

After progressing a short distance, Beverly observed that the road (now grass-grown and but little used) led them along the summit of a nar-

row ridge or causeway, scarcely wide enough for a single vehicle; while on either hand the North River was visible, flowing along the base of precipitous cliffs a hundred feet below. Pursuing this dangerous path for several hundred yards, they descended by a gradual slope into an open area of level river bottom, making a beautiful farm of several hundred acres in extent, a peninsula encircled by the river except at the point of approach over the narrow causeway they had just passed.

In front and immediately beyond the river, a stony ridge rose abruptly to the height of several hundred feet, and in the form of an amphitheatre.

Crossing the stream by an easy ford, the travellers dismounted near a spring-house, beneath the shade of some lofty trees, and although the morning was already quite warm, they found the air here so chilling that they were fain to button up their coats.

The Colonel then informed his son that this was the famous Ice-mountain of Hampshire, among whose rocks and recesses, from some natural causes unexplained, ice was preserved from season to season.

Producing his drinking-cup, he dipped some water from the fountain, which Beverly was surprised to find of icy coldness,—its standing temperature being about 40° Fahrenheit.

Groping beneath the fallen leaves and in the crevices of the rocks, they also found snow and ice in plenty, while their hands became quite benumbed with cold. This seemed the more remarkable, as the locality is at the base of a hill looking westward, and only a few feet above the genial current of the North River.

Having sufficiently observed and speculated upon the probable cause of this phenomenon, our travellers at length mounted their horses, and after a rapid ride of two hours overtook their baggage-wagon at Romney. Here they took breakfast, and after a brief repose started up the northwestern turnpike, pleasantly excited by the fresh atmosphere and the romantic mountain scenery which surrounded them.

Leaving the broad turnpike, as they had been directed, our travellers entered upon a rough and narrow mountain road which wound to and fro, up hill and down dale, all the while through a thick forest which seemed interminable.

Caesar growled continually at the roughness of the road, and Bill, wearied out, had couched himself in the bottom of the wagon where he slept in spite of the jolting.

Although they had not seen the sunshine since

they entered the wood, they had still been cheered by occasional glimpses of blue ridges in the distance, or the nearer faces of jagged precipices lit up by the sun; but as night approached, the genial air waxed chilly and the green twilight of the woods deepened into a frightful gloom. The silence which also oppressed their spirits was only broken by the melancholy call of the whip-poor-will or the hideous guffawing of the great owls.

Beverly was intensely wearied with the saddle and weak with hunger, so that he could not help expressing the wish "they would soon come to a house."

The Colonel quietly observed "that they must have lost their way, or that no reliance could be placed on the estimates of distances in this country. They should have reached Tom Mullinx's place long before this, according to his calculations."

"Indeed," said Beverly, "I hope we will soon be there, for it would be dreadfully lonesome to stay all night in these woods."

"I think we will be obliged to make up our minds to it," said the Colonel cheerfully, "and as we have the means of making ourselves comfortable, you will find it not so lonesome as you suppose."

As they presently found themselves on some tolerably level ground near a brawling stream, the Colonel ordered a halt, and determined to encamp for the night.

Beverly was so jaded that he was glad of any opportunity to dismount and rest, half reclining upon a mossy cushion at the root of a large sugar-maple. The Colonel gave some brief orders to the servants, and spreading his military cloak, threw himself on the ground beside his son.

Cæsar was now in his element, and ambitious to show that he had not forgotten his campaigning days, he soon got everything in order. The horses were stripped and picketed where they could amuse themselves browsing on some sweet birch leaves, until he was ready to serve them a more substantial supper of oats which they carried in the wagon.

In a few minutes more Bill had gathered several armfuls of dried sticks, and a fire was kindled, whose cheery sparkling quite drowned the voices of the lonely night birds, whose warmth dispelled the chilliness of the damp air, and whose golden light flashed and sparkled through the gloom, until their halting place, amidst rocks and waterfalls, overhung with lofty trees, looked grander than an Oriental palace.

"Papa," said Beverly, "this is really very romantic, and I rather like it."

While they rested, the stores were unloaded, and a most savory meal of fried ham and eggs, biscuits and coffee, was prepared. Cæsar, smiling complacently as he served it, and chuckling as he spoke to Master Beverly, "I spec' you think I was gwine to let you starve in the woods. He, he! Too old a soldier for that, Mass' Beverly."

The supper was enjoyed to the fullest capacity of the travellers; and soon after, the Colonel and his son stretched themselves to sleep in the wagon, while Cæsar and Bill, having made the horses comfortable, betook themselves to the mossy mattress at the root of the tree. The whip-poor-will still chanted its monotonous song, but the human accents of its call now had a pleasant and friendly sound. The owls hooted and guffawed, until Bill exclaimed, in a testy voice, "What dem old fools jawin' about dar? Better go to sleep!" And Beverly laughed outright at the ridiculous quarrel. "Papa," he whispered, beneath the cloak, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Then he listened to the soothing sound of the water, that tinkled among the rocks like silver bells, and gazed at the towering trunks of the trees, which seemed to touch heaven. He thought of Frank and Davy, and Sister Emily, and bright Lucy Belmeade,—and so he slept.

When Beverly awoke next morning he felt refreshed and clear-headed; but as he attempted to get up, found he was quite sore and stiff. His father and the servants were already afoot, and the smell of breakfast stimulated him to another effort. Sousing his head and face in the cool, amber-tinted water of the stream, he breakfasted with a keener appetite even than he had shown at supper, and by the time they were equipped for a start all sense of fatigue had departed.

Pursuing the road, which continued to rise along the face of an immense mountain, they at length joyfully emerged from the forest, and saw before them a group of cabins beautifully situated near an extensive grove of sugar-maples, and surrounded by a wide range of upland pastures. The morning sun revealed several columns of smoke rising from the stick chimneys, while a pack of noisy dogs announced the approach of the strangers, and brought the early-rising mountaineers to the gate.

As the Colonel viewed the grove of magnificent maples, traversed by the clear, amber-colored stream; the semicircle of comfortable cabins, all

alive with signs of thrifty industry; the sweep of verdant pasture dotted with sleek and high-bred cattle; the wood which rose beyond in sylvan majesty; the rock-ribbed precipices, which shut out the western horizon like a grim and gigantic fortress: his manly eye kindled with admiration, and he exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is the fitting habitation of a mountain baron."

Toby Mullinx recognized the visitors with vociferous pleasure, while Tom and his elder sons received them with every mark of deferential politeness. The women of the family, however, took no part in the reception. Tom's steady dame continued to thump away at her churn, as if the coming of the butter was her only concern in life; while several comely girls, bare-



headed, bare-armed, and bare-legged, dropped their spinning, weaving, or housekeeping, to stare a moment at the strangers, and then quietly resumed their respective occupations.

"I say, Peggy! that's him that give Toby the boots, I reckon. Well, he's a mighty pretty young gentleman, hain't he?"

"You'd better mind your spinnin', Melinda,"

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said the demure Peggy, "or you'll hear mammy a-hollerin' at you."

The rebuked lass gave her wheel an energetic whiz, and stealing another glance at the pretty boy, went on, laughing and dancing, to finish her bobbin.

Tom would have ordered another breakfast forthwith, but the Colonel protested, and the

mountaineer satisfied his hospitable yearnings by commanding an early dinner, the best the country could afford.

For the remainder of that day the tired travelers were glad to lounge upon the rustic benches

under the maples, or to stroll about the farm, the Colonel discoursing with the proprietor concerning lands, timber, minerals, cattle, and horses; while Beverly found sufficient entertainment making acquaintance with the dogs, and exchanging



stories with the boys about hunting and fishing.

Although there was no great display of crockery, the dinner was sumptuous, and well appreciated; the men alone being seated at table, while the dame and Peggy cooked, and the merry, black-eyed spinsters (Melinda and a younger sister) served the guests. Nimble-footed and

smiling waiters they were, who took a modest part in the conversation, and a full share of the laughing, during the meal.

When they found themselves apart, Beverly expressed his surprise to his father at the marked difference in the manners and deportment of the mountaineers at home and in town. There they appeared rude and uncouth as bears, cowed by a

painful sense of ignorance, bashful, absurd, and uncivilized. At home, Tom Mullinx had received his visitors, not only with a frank and cordial hospitality, but with a self-possession, an air of native dignity, that would have done credit to a feudal baron in his castle hall. Here was no loutish diffidence, no uneasy consciousness of inferiority, no ill-timed apologies, or troublesome obsequiousness. There was only the pleased alacrity of a hospitable nature, an easy deference to the honored guest.

Tom Mullinx governed in his own house with an authority eminently patriarchal. His wise dame carried her points by wheedling, and never by storm. The boys and girls knew their places, but their good-humored and outspoken manners showed that their places were pleasant. Toby, the youngest born, was a proof that it is not alone in the homes of the rich and proud that one may look for spoiled children. On the contrary, the most outrageous and unmitigated cases are found in the huts of the poor and ignorant. But Toby was naturally too amiable to be disagreeably spoiled, and his adventures at the general muster had taken the conceit out of him wonderfully. In this meritorious work, the boots Beverly gave him had materially assisted. On his return, Toby had become quite infatuated with the boots. It was the first pair he ever had, and he must wear them day and night. They were originally too tight for his free-born feet, and as he frequently got them wet, in a week his feet were skinned and blistered from heel to toe. Three times a day, on an average, there was a scene, in which Mammy Mullinx, a basin of warm milk, and Toby's boots, played the leading parts. With persistent vanity he would pull them on as soon as he got out of bed in the morning, and when the pain became intolerable, he would limp crying to his mammy, who worked them off by the assistance of her warm milk, soft-soap, and mutton-suet, and thus gave him temporary relief. As soon, however, as the pain ceased, on went the boots again. No self-immolating Indian fakeer, or martyr of Fox's saintly record, ever sought torture more obstinately than did poor Toby, for this sentimental conceit.

At last the dame's patience was exhausted, and she spoke up. "I declare, Tom Mullinx, them blessed boots will be the ruining of that boy; he does nothing but pull 'em on and take 'em off, and cry, from mornin' 'til night; and he's so lame, he can't git about. I don't know what to do with him."

Without another word, Tom took up the boots

and threw them behind the fire, where, fat with frequent greasings, they rapidly consumed.

During this *auto da fé* Toby wept bitterly, but when it was over, he dried up with a sense of relief he had not felt since his return. Restored to their normal liberty, his feet soon got well, and from that date Toby's character seemed to have taken a favorable turn. The boots had done good service.

After the strangers had gone to bed that night, there was a great outcry among the dogs, at a point not more than two hundred yards from the cabins, and the Mullinx boys all hurried out, declaring they had certainly found some game, — perhaps a *bar*.

Although tired and sleepy, Beverly could not resist the current excitement, and, hastily equipping himself, sallied out with gun in hand. As he stood confused, and not knowing which way



to go, a soft, plump hand seized his arm, and a friendly voice, which he recognized as little Melinda's, whispered, "I say, mister, our fellers is gone down to the woods thar, forenese the pig-pen, whar' the dogs is treed suthin'?"

Bevy thanked her, and started in the direction indicated, tender-hearted Milly still following, to impart the further information that Brother Mark 'spect'd it mought be a *bar*, and Bevy must be careful, and not let it hug him. It was a terrible thing to be hugged by a *bar*.

Before he reached the spot the excitement was over, and he met the boys returning with a large 'possum, its tail curled tightly around Mark's

fore-finger, its eyes closed and mouth open, in mimicry of death. As this game was out of season, and at best but little esteemed by the mountain hunters, they vented their disappointment by contemptuously casting the poor possum to the dogs, who soon made his pretended death a reality.

On the following morning, Colonel Moreland, with his host, started out to view the land in which he was interested; and as the ride was expected to be long and tedious, he took Cæsar with them, leaving the boys at the house to amuse themselves as they thought proper. Burning to engage in some wild adventure, Beverly proposed to Toby that they should go hunting. Mark, the proprietor's eldest son, already a famous hunter, declared they would get lost if they ventured far into the woods alone; and although it was not the hunting season, he kindly offered to show Beverly some sport himself, an offer which Beverly was glad to accept.

The hunter had all the dogs imprisoned, and refused to take any other company than Beverly and Toby, observing that too much company spoiled sport, and there was already one too many in the party, indicating Toby by a playful chuck in the back. While he quietly pushed a bullet down his long rifle, Mark advised Beverly to load his double gun with buck-shot, "for," said he, "if I chance to cripple a varmint, it may be of some use."

All being ready, Beverly eagerly followed the tall riflemen, while Toby, loaded with the shot-bag and powder-flask, and carrying a small hatchet, brought up the rear. They marched for a long time in silence, wading up to their knees in moss and dried leaves, scrambling over ledges of rock and huge trunks of fallen trees, creeping through tangled thickets of rhododendron and green-brier, deep into a forest, which seemed to grow denser and darker as they advanced.

For an hour or more they moved in this way, without seeing a living thing, until Beverly began to think there was more weariness than sport in their venture. At length the hunter stopped suddenly, and motioned to the boys to be still. Beverly's fancy, which had flagged considerably, now became excited to the highest pitch, and his heart beat so rapidly that it almost choked him. Indeed, the hunter's earnest attitude, and some strange noises issuing from a laurel thicket ahead, seemed to give assurance that some stirring adventure was imminent.

Presently, Mark bent nearly to the ground, and, with rifle trailing, crept noiselessly forward,

followed by the boys. Toby was as close as possible to his friend, and whispered, "It's a deer, certain, or else a bar,— who knows? Whenever you see Mark creep that a-way, there's sumthin'."

Perceiving Beverly's excitement, the mountaineer stopped, and beckoned him forward,— then whispered, "Mister, don't meddle with your shot-gun; it's of no account nohow, and you've got the 'buck ager' so bad you can't shoot nothin', — you'll only scare the game."

Beverly was actually trembling so violently that he couldn't cock his gun, and was obliged to accept the mortifying suggestion in good part. Angry and ashamed, he took down his gun and carried it at a trail until the tremor passed off, and he thought he felt cool enough to meet anything that might appear.

Penetrating the thicket still further, they saw an open space beyond, of black, swampy earth, trampled like a cattle-yard. Here the deer resort to lick up the saline water which oozes from the ground, and at these "licks," as they are called, the hunters usually seek their game.

On the opposite side of the opening a beautiful doe stood in full sight, and in a twinkling the boys saw the rifle leveled, and heard the preliminary click of the lock. Beverly was about to push forward for a second shot, in case of necessity, but at the sight of the deer he again felt himself seized with the unaccountable tremor, and he concluded not to make the attempt. The eager expectation of the boys was strangely baffled by the hunter, who stood hesitating for some moments, and finally lowered his rifle without firing.

"Durn him! why don't he shoot?" exclaimed Toby, losing all command of himself in his disappointment. "He's gwine to let it git away."

Beverly by this time had got the better of his nervousness, and now pressed forward to claim a shot. Perceiving his intention, the hunter again checked him. "Hold your fire, mister; that's somethin' wrong, or that doe wouldn't act so strange."

The deer's behavior was indeed extraordinary, for she evidently saw the hunters and was aware of her danger; but, instead of escaping, she continued to run and prance about in full sight, looking here and there, in an agony of terror, but apparently held to the spot by some spell she could not break. Observing that she ran frequently toward a certain quarter of the thicket, bleating pitifully at each return, Mark skirted the lick carefully, and then halting suddenly, motioned his followers to stop. This time his movements were quick and decisive. He loosed his

hunting-knife in its sheath, and leveled his rifle. Before the boys could discern the object of his aim, the woods rang with the sharp report, followed by a terrific yelling, sputtering, and scratching among the bushes. Before this subsided, Beverly had rushed forward to where Mark stood; the hunter quickly snatched his gun from his hand, and, thrusting him back unceremoniously into the bush, stepped forward himself with both barrels cocked, and face pale with anxiety.

As Beverly rose, quite bewildered at Mark's rudeness, he saw the hunter's face relax into a smile. "The ugly varmint is dead," he said, turning and handing him his gun. "Excuse me, mister, for being so rough, but I was awful skeered for you just now." So saying, he pointed to the dead body of an enormous wild-cat lying beneath a laurel-tree; and close beside it, torn and bleeding, but still living, lay a beautiful spotted fawn. The terrified mother had fled, and the poor little creature bleated pitifully as they took it up; yet it soon recovered from its fright, and suffered itself to be carried and petted, like a domestic animal.

"I might jist as easy have killed the doe," said Mark; "but when I see this mizzible critter had catched her fawn, I kind a pitied her; so I let the wild-cat have the bullet, and we lost our venison."

"I am so glad you did," exclaimed Beverly. "I'd rather have killed the savage wild-cat than twenty poor innocent deer,—especially the doe that was trying to defend her fawn."

The hunting party returned in triumph, to tell marvelous stories of their adventure. Although Beverly had got the "buck ague" at first (a malady quite common to novices in the chase), he had shown no backwardness in the face of real danger, and the fawn was adjudged to be his prize.

Milly Mullinx undertook to nurse it, and so faithfully did she fulfill her duty, that in a few days the pretty creature was entirely convalescent, and in its gambols with its new playmate seemed to have quite forgotten its lost mother.

A week was thus passed in hunting and fishing alternately, while venison and speckled trout (the results of their success) daily smoked on the mountaineer's table.

After several returns of the mortifying "buck ague," and several notable misses, Beverly at length succeeded in killing a fine young buck, delivering his shot with as much coolness as if he had been firing at a target. After this crowning satisfaction, the Morelands took leave of their hosts, exchanging mutual invitations and promises looking to future visits. Beverly returned to the rich lowlands, to talk and dream of deep transparent pools, dark tangled forests, and bold encounters with savage game.

Milly Mullinx dreamed by the mountain spring beneath the shady maples, her bare feet dabbling in the water, her dimpled arms clasped around the neck of her spotted pet. "Little fawn," she whispered, "your master is the sweetest boy I ever see in this world, and I'll kiss you for his sake."

LAURELS AND DAISY CHAINS.

BY H. E. G. PARDEE.

THE heat and dust of summer had not yet robbed the fields and trees of their spring freshness. Among the garden flowers and above the clover the bees hummed in contented industry; the pleasure-loving butterflies, giddy with the freedom of their gay wings, floated idly among the blooms; "melodious birds sang madrigals," and all the blithe insect world tuned its shrill orchestra in gay accord.

Miriam and her uncle, leaving the broad village street, bowled along a narrow, grassy by-way, passing occasionally a farm-house shaded by ancient elms.

After a pleasant drive of three miles, they left the carriage and climbed the fence into a field

which they crossed, and winding around a slope came suddenly upon a broad, level space.

The face of the slope was an abrupt wall twenty feet high. Its rocky ledges were covered by mosses, fostered by a little spring at the top. The slender cascade was soon broken into hundreds of shining threads and drops, that wove a shimmering woof over the vivid green, and wandered down the field a modest, quiet rill.

The air was sweet and fresh as after a summer rain, and with the smell of the moist earth were blent the subtle scents from root, stalk, and leaf.

Here were maiden-hair and lady-fern, graceful alike in name and growth; vigorous brakes and a few treasured roots of the capricious lygodium.

The ferns and velvet mosses were critically selected and laid in the tin case, and then Uncle Jamie made known the purpose of a couple of baskets swinging from the crook of his cane.

"There are some very nice field-strawberries growing not far from here," he said, "and we shall have time to get some. Shall we go?"

"Yes, sir, though I don't suppose I shall get anything but a sunburnt nose. I never do."

It was a painful fact that success didn't perch upon Miriam's basket; nevertheless she followed her uncle, who vaulted lightly over the two fences, while she, mindful of former rips and rends, unambitiously crept between the rails. They reached a sunny hill-side sheltered by a belt of wood from the cold winds. In its warm soil the vines grew with broad, luxuriant leaves, and blushing berries crowned the tall stems.

"Oh-h-h!" said Miriam, parting the leaves and revealing the unsuspected abundance. "Quarts and quarts! I didn't know wild strawberries ever grew so large."

"They don't often, but these have a remarkably fine location and so are remarkably nice."

Miriam commenced picking with eager haste, and for a while was too interested to speak. At last she remarked, "Grandmother says she never saw any of the large, cultivated berries, till a long time after she was married, when she went to the city for a visit.

"She said they had delightful times strawberrying in the fields. The season was very short, and grandmas and babies and everybody went. The haymakers cut down grass and fruit together, and the women and children followed them and picked out the berries. She said she could remember how the scythes shrilled through the grass, and how fresh it smelt as they turned it over."

When the baskets were filled, Uncle Jamie stretched himself on the warm ground to enjoy the quiet of the summer afternoon.

Miriam, who declared that when she sat on the ground she was a magnet for spiders, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and every other creeping and leaping foe, wandered listlessly about. Her admiring regards were suddenly diverted from her fruit-stained fingers to a clump of laurel in the edge of the wood.

She promptly possessed herself of flowers that, looking up all day at the sun, had forgotten their blushes, and branches that, growing in the seclusion of the woods, had buds and blossoms dyed in rosiest tints.

"I never thought of it before, but is this the

kind of laurel that they made poets' crowns of?"

"O no. This is not really laurel; it is *kalmia*. About the middle of the last century, a Swedish botanist, by the name of Peter Kalm, came to America and spent some time here studying our flora, and finding many plants new to European botanists. Linnaeus complimented him by naming this flower after him. Next summer's flowers will be formed this year, and I have heard that if the buds are gathered in the fall and the stems kept in fresh water in a room of uniform temperature, they will blossom toward the end of the winter. The laurel of the ancients grows in Italy. It is also known as the bay-tree. It is an evergreen, and its leaves have a pleasant, aromatic fragrance, familiar to you when distilled into bay-water."

"O yes, sir! I've sometimes found the leaves in the bottle, but I don't think laurel crowns were very becoming if they all looked like that picture of Tasso. The leaves hang down too much, and I should make it thicker if I had it to do."

"You speak very lightly of it, little miss, but it was a high,—the highest honor that could be given a poet. Men have given their best years, their noblest, grandest endeavors, for it; have struggled and waited and hoped, and felt themselves amply repaid in the slender crown that faded in a day. Petrarch sought it for years, and left no means untried, and was delighted when it was offered him. Poor Tasso, after his stormy life, was comforted by the anticipation of the coveted honor. The coronation day was appointed, the pageant was to be of unusual splendor, but a storm delayed it, and then his failing health, and in the spring he died, with his hope unrealized.

"This is the story the ancients told of the origin of the tree and of the crown: Apollo with his arrows killed a horrid monster serpent called Python. One morning, not long afterward, he was idling about, when he encountered Cupid with his quiver of tiny shafts. Elated with his victory, he laughed at the rosy little fellow, and told him he was only a pretty boy and had no right to such weapons. The taunt chafed Cupid, and he resolved to teach the vainglorious god that size was not always the measure of power. He carried golden arrows which kindled love, and leaden ones which inspired aversion. He selected one of each, aiming the golden arrow at Apollo, who found himself suddenly and desperately enamored of the beautiful nymph, Daphne. But

the leaden arrow had hit her and hardened her heart, and his perfect, manly beauty could not waken one tender thought. When he would have charmed her with his lyre, she fled in disgust, and a queer courtship followed. Up hill and down, through forests and over plains, they dashed. Panting and ready to drop with weariness, and finding her resolute lover was gaining upon her, she ran to the river's brink and called to her father, a river-god, for protection. Imagine Apollo's discomfiture, when, as he drew near, he saw her pliant form changing to woody texture and rough bark, and her beautiful arms and hair to branches and glossy leaves. The coy nymph, transformed into an insentient laurel-tree, defied his ardor. Not to be entirely defeated of possession, he adopted it as his favorite, and always appeared crowned with it. Whether Cupid felt any remorse for his share of the mischief, does not appear. There is a famous statue, known as the 'Apollo Belvidere,' because it stands in the Belvidere Palace at Rome. It was made in the first century, and represents him in the flush of success, after having killed the Python. It is seven feet high, of very graceful proportions, is crowned with laurel, and shows the refinement that art had at that time attained.

"Taking a long leap from past glories to present facts, I suppose we ought to go, but it is so pleasant here I am sorry to leave."

Laden with their precious baskets and the laurel, they returned to the rock for the ferns. It required judicious balancing and wary steps to climb the fences without any disaster, but happily it was done.

Pet saluted them with a whinny that meant a great deal. He had had his own private musings about the grievances of life in general and his individual aggravation of being tied a whole summer afternoon to a dry post, with plenty of sweet grass growing all about him. He only lacked a classical education to have made a very effective comparison between himself and Tantalus. He would scarcely wait for them to get the baskets and flowers and ferns and themselves in, and showed his indignation by putting down his ears and dashing off in a way that was very becoming to him. Exercise soon subdued his wrath, and the refreshment of a nibble while Miriam was picking daisies completely mollified him.

Daisy chains were favorite decorations with Rachel and Ruth, and in the two great bouquets that she gathered from the field white with them, Miriam held a whole morning's happiness for her little sisters.

"What a nice afternoon we have had," she observed, settling herself comfortably in the phaeton.

"Yes," her uncle answered, "I always enjoy visiting that rock; it reminds me of a mythological story."

"Let me enjoy it with you, Uncle."

"Very well. It is about Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, who was one of the heroes of mythology.

"She was the wife of Amphion, the king of Thebes. He was the owner of a wonderful lyre given him by Mercury, who also taught him to play it with a skill so irresistible that even stones, whose want of sensibility is both a proverb and an accepted metaphor, were moved by it.

"After Amphion became king he wished to build a wall about the city. The stones were quarried, and then, instead of being carted and put in their places by ordinary, matter-of-fact work, Amphion played on his enchanted lyre, and the bewitched stones obediently marshaled themselves into a substantial wall. I dare say there was great grumbling among the disappointed workmen.

"Amphion and Niobe had a large family; seven sons and as many daughters, and elate with affluence, position, and beauty, and proud of her troop of children, she boastfully contrasted them with Latona and her two. Latona heard of it, and her motherly ire was ruffled. She called Apollo and Diana to her, and told them of the affront, and bade them revenge her. They went, armed with their bows and arrows, and dutifully shot every one of Niobe's children. Her husband, frantic with anguish, attacked Apollo's temple, intending to destroy it, and he too was killed. Niobe, poor stricken soul, wept night and day, till at last, in the wretchedness of insubmission, she turned to stone. Her fate and every-day life both teach us that the discipline of grief or any trouble should chasten and refine the character. If it does not, its influence is to harden and make us unlovely. That rock with its fountain of tears, is to me Nature's paraphrase of the ancient fable.

"They were an ill-fated family. Tantalus, her father, was a king of Lydia, a country famed for its wealth. He was a man of restless, ambitious spirit, and not contented with the honors and grandeur of royalty, he coveted the special favor of the gods. At last, after many rebuffs and discouragements, he so far ingratuated himself with them that they admitted him to their banquets. He was so delighted that he gossiped about affairs at Mount Olympus, and of his dis-

tinguished friends, with a freedom that enraged that select circle, and he was condemned to suffer perpetually the torments of hunger and thirst. Chained to a rock, the water rippled sparkling and cool about him, yet when he bent his head to drink, it mockingly sunk just out of his reach. Above him, but hanging 'too high,' were tempting, juicy fruits, —

"Pomegranates, pears and apples bright,
And luscious figs, and olives green and ripe."

"Poor old man! The day of repentance came too late to him. Boasting seems to have been a family infirmity, and they must have been heedless beings, or one would have taken warning from the other's fate.

"The ancients have an indirect fashion of teaching us a good many moral lessons. If Apollo had had a *true* greatness he would have 'ruled his spirit' and scorned such a vainglorious, pompous attack as that he made upon Cupid; if Niobe had graced her prosperity with gentleness and modest gratitude, a thoughtfulness for Latona would have checked her unwomanly exultation; and if Tantalus had been contented with his rightful honors, or, having gained others, had been satisfied with a discreet enjoyment of them, he would have escaped his wretched punishment. Experience is an angular, emphatic dame, who

does not trouble herself to be suave, and it is wise to take her lessons by proxy when we can, though, in the present case, the admonitions are gratuitous, my dear."

The quiet of the long twilight was creeping on. Already the insects missed the midday sun, whose fervor was their inspiration; from distant pastures came the lowing of cows; Pet's shadow stalked gaunt and fantastic beside him, and the ride was finished in silence.

Rachel and Ruth saw the carriage approaching, and dashed around the corner of the house to meet it, trailing their sun-bonnets by one string. The office of these specimens of primitive millinery was no sinecure. When the lawn was trimmed they served admirably as hay-carts, and were equally effective as triumphal chariots for the dolls. They made the very best of lunch-baskets, and were now promptly converted into bouquet-holders and carried to the seat under the apple-tree.

Mark went with gratifying alacrity on an errand for his mother, and after tea a pleasant impromptu party ate strawberries and cream in the summer-house, while Mr. Newton, who at the table had been entertained with a brief account of the afternoon, made them all merry with Tennyson's poem, "Amphion."

SPRING SONG.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In swath of snow the earth is lying,
Over the sea merry skaters are flying,
The frost-rimmed trees are specked with crows,
But to-morrow, to-morrow the winter time goes.
The sun bursts through the heavy skies,
Spring comes riding in summer guise,*
And the willow pulls off its woollen glove.
Strike up, musicians, in leafy grove;
Little birds, little birds, sing in the sky,
Winter's gone by! winter's gone by!

O, warm is the kiss of the sun on our cheek,
As violets and stonewort in the woodland we seek:
'Tis as if the old forest were holding its breath,
For now in a night each leaf wakes from death.
The cuckoo sings! (you know its tell-tale song,)

So many years your days will be long.†
The world is young! be thou, too, young,
Let happy heart and merry tongue
With spring-time lift the song on high,
Youth's never gone by! never gone by!

Youth's never gone by! never gone by!
The earth lives a charmed life for aye,
With its sun and its storm, its joy and its pain.
So in our hearts a world has lain,
That will not be gone, like a shooting star,
For man is made like God afar,
And God and Nature keep ever young.
So teach us, Spring, the song thou'st sung,
And pipe in, little birds in the sky, —
"Youth's never gone by! never gone by!"

* It is a custom at Eastertide for the peasants to come riding into the towns and villages, their horses and themselves decked with green boughs, especially of the beech, and so they go in procession and have a merry dance in the evening; it is then said in the people's way, "Spring is riding summer-wise into town."

† It is a Scandinavian superstition that the first cuckoo one hears in the spring will answer the question, "How many years shall I live?" by a prophetic number of notes. Many other questions are asked, and boys and girls will go out at night that in the early morning they may hear the cuckoo's answers.

ANNIE'S BANK ACCOUNT.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS

II.

FOR a day or two Winthrop's eyes, made worse by the journey, kept him a close prisoner in a darkened room; and in sympathy for him, Toddle quite forgot her own troubles. They talked of them, though, and Winthrop declared he should find out who took the money, no matter if he had to wait a year first.

"Tisn't the ten cents so much. Papa or I could give you all the ten-cent pieces you wanted, Toddle," he said, gravely. "But it's the principle of the thing. Anybody that's mean enough to steal your little speck of money, ought to be found out, and made ashamed before everybody. If I was going to steal at all, I'd never take less than a hundred dollars. You wouldn't feel any meaner for that than you would for ten cents."

"I don't know," said Toddle, who hardly understood the magnitude of a hundred dollars. "But I thought all the time I should have such a lot. I truly *respected* there'd be ever so many ten-cent pieces, Winthrop, an' I can't ever stop feeling bad because there wouldn't."

"Well, don't mind that," said Winthrop. "I tell you, Toddle, what I want more than anything. Don't you remember what funny little specks of eggs that black pullet used to lay? I wish you'd find one for my dinner. Do you believe you can?"

"I know I can," Toddle said, nodding her head. "Way up in the hay-mow, where Alice says I'm too fat to climb, an' I can do it just as fast as she can." And with more nods, and a parting hug for Winthrop, she ran out to the barn. The black hen had hidden her nest so skillfully, that even Toddle's sharp eyes were a long time in finding it; but at last, five of the whitest and smallest eggs ever laid by hen, came to light from under the eaves; and holding them in her sun-bonnet, Toddle, over whose small nose beads of perspiration were chasing one another, climbed down the ladder, and with a red face, and hair filled with hay-seed, walked into the house. Winthrop was fast asleep, mamma said; and leaving the eggs in her charge, Toddle went out, and down through the orchard to the bank, where she sat down to cool. Far away, on every side, stretched the broad Illinois prairie, and the sun

shone warmly down on green wheat-fields and waving corn, and now and then an orchard. The breeze just rustled the leaves overhead, and Toddle, curled up in the seat beneath them, looked off to the sparkling river, and then began watching some ants which ran busily up and down one of the tree-trunks.

"You're the mooniest young one I ever did see," said a voice, presently; and Toddle, turning quickly, saw Hannah Helena balancing on the fence, which separated her father's land from Mr. Carter's.

"Why don't you come over and see me," she went on, "instead o' sitting still as a mouse, under that old tree?"

"I thought you'd gone to school," said Toddle, at once jumping down and crawling through the fence. "Johny and Alice went."

"I didn't," said Hannah Helena. "Mother wanted me to, but I 'lowed to stay at home today, an' have some fun. Leander's going in for coal. Don't you want to come, too?"

"Mother never lets me go near the river alone," Toddle said, drawing back a little.

"O! but this isn't alone. You'll go with me, an' I'll take care o' you; an' then it's quite a piece back from the river. Your ma won't care a mite."

"Well," said Toddle, doubtfully, walking along by her. "Only you must tell mother you took me."

"I'll see to that!" and Hannah Helena, tired of being alone, lifted Toddle over the next fence they came to, which separated them from the river road.

Those of you who think of coal as coming only from deep mines far under ground, will wonder that two children should ever think of going down into the pits, and much less really do it. But, through Ohio and Illinois, and in some other Western States, the soft bituminous coal lies often very near the surface of the ground; and all that is necessary, when the coal-bin becomes empty, is to go out and dig up what you want. When the Carters first settled in Illinois, near the Vermilion River, their coal was dug in this way; but gradually, as more and more people came, the surface coal was used up altogether,

and they dug into the river banks, where was an exhaustless supply. Miners were now at work regularly on the banks, opening up galleries in the bluffs, and bringing out the coal, sometimes in great baskets, but oftener in a small car, which rolled back and forth on a wooden track, and tilted its load into a boat waiting in the river. This mine was owned and worked by Hannah Helena's father, and here she intended to take Toddle, and give her a ride in the black, smutty car. So the two walked on, coming presently to the bluffs, down which they scrambled, finding themselves soon at an opening, black and gloomy enough to make Toddle wish herself at home.

"I don't believe I want to go in there," she said. "It looks so dark, I don't like it velly much."

"You ain't afraid, I hope," said Hannah Helena. "I thought you never was afraid of anything, Toddle. Now, there comes the car! See how easy it rolls along. You'll like a ride in that. Come, Leander, h'ist us in."

"Taint me'll do that," said a tall, shambling man, who had a candle stuck on the brim of his hat. "You've run away with that yere little gal, an' have just got to take her home again."

"No such thing," said Hannah Helena, boldly. "Her ma let her come. I'll tell pa, ef you don't make that car stop."

Leander thought a minute. Hannah Helena was an only child, and, he had been told, must never be crossed in anything. The car ran in only a few hundred feet, and no harm but soiled clothes could result.

"Wal," he said, finally. "You'll have to walk out close behind the car, when it takes the next load out; an' if you don't keep up close, it'll dump out, an' be back on yer. Will yer hurry?"

"I reckon!" said Hannah Helena, who spoke "Western," not English, you see; and Leander lifted Toddle, and then the older girl, and in a moment the car slid into the gallery.

Toddle held tight to Hannah Helena, almost ready to cry. Her feet sunk in the coal-dust lying deep in the bottom of the car. She could see nothing as yet, but the faintly burning candles on the hats of the four men, and the deep blackness, from which every ray of daylight had gone. Soon, though, as her eyes became used to the dimness, she saw the black shining walls of the main gallery, and the drops of moisture all over them.

"It's an awful place," she said to herself. "I'll

never come again. I hate Hannah Helena for bringing me."

The car stopped suddenly, jerking the children against the side. Then Leander lifted them out, and set them down in a narrow passage opening from the main gallery. "Stay still there till I tell yer," he said, "an' don't you come out of it till we're ready," and, with a chuckle, Leander turned off, thinking they would not be likely to ask for another ride in a coal car.

"O, but you're not going away, Leander?" said Hannah Helena, catching hold of him. "I won't stay alone here."

"Well, yer ain't alone. Taint but a step to where they're pickin'," and Leander, whistling, was out of sight in a moment.

Toddle began to cry.

"Hush that, now!" said Hannah Helena, sharply. "I won't have any yawning in here. He's tried to frighten us, an' now I'll frighten him. Come along!" and she pulled Toddle down a narrow passage, at the end of which was a faint light. "Now, don't you stir when he comes back an' calls us. If you do, I'll run away and leave you."

Poor Toddle choked down her tears, and stood silent. It seemed half an hour before she again heard Leander's voice, calling, "Come along, young ones; now's your chance!"

"Don't you stir," said Hannah Helena; and after half a dozen calls, Leander moved away, saying, "Wal, it's your own loss o' time; you're welcome to wait till next car."

"O, do go! do go!" Toddle sobbed, and caught Hannah Helena by the hand. As she spoke, the light from the end of the passage came toward them swiftly.

"What you in here for?" said the man as he passed, supposing the dark figures crouching close to the wall a fellow-workman. "Come along; that blast'll go off in two minutes." And he ran on down the main gallery, followed instantly by Hannah Helena, who, knowing very well what a blast meant, cried for fear as she ran.

Toddle had no such knowledge; all she thought was, that they had left her alone in this terrible place, and, screaming wildly, she ran on, trying to overtake them, stumbling over loose pieces of coal, cutting her hands against sharp bits in the walls, going further and further from the main gallery, and all the time calling, "Mother! mother!"

Then came a low rumble; the passage seemed to shake above and below. A huge fragment of

coal and earth loosened and fell, half burying the child, and she knew nothing more.

Darkness was still thick about her when her eyes opened, but there was the sound of furious working with picks, and her father's voice, calling, "Annie! little Annie, are you there?"

Toddle sat up.

"I dess I'm dead, but I *know* I haven't gone to heaven," she said to herself; then, as her father's voice came again, remembered where she was, and answered loud, "Yes, papa; hully and get me out, quick!"

"Thank God!" somebody said; but Toddle, feeling sick and dizzy, leaned against the side of the passage, and did not speak again till a gleam of light came to her, and another and another. Then, as eager hands rolled away the last pieces of the fallen mass, her father's arms lifted her up and held her close. There was light enough now to have seen all she wished, for lanterns and candles had been brought in, and the gallery was crowded with men, all anxious to know if the child was living.

Hannah Helena had been met by Leander just as the blast came, and, frantic with fear, could not for some time tell where she had left little Annie. Then Leander had hurried back, to find only the fallen mass in the passage, and fearful the child had been crushed by its weight, had hardly presence of mind enough left to call the men together, and at once go to work with picks to remove it. Some one had carried the news to Mr. Carter, and so it happened that when Toddle opened her eyes from the long swoon, her father's voice was the first she heard.

Between coal-dust and the blood which had streamed from a deep cut on her head, Toddle was a frightful-looking child, and Hannah Helena, who stood waiting near the lane as they came up, did not dare take a second look; but, believing her dead, ran home and hid herself in the barn. Here, when almost night, her mother found her in the hay, crying miserably, and, hardly knowing what to say, sat down beside her. The report had gone through the neighborhood that Hannah Helena had taken little Annie Carter into the coal-works, and then run away and left her to be killed by a blast; and Mrs. Catly, divided between pity for her daughter, and shame that

she should be so spoken of, had at first determined to say nothing till Hannah Helena had at least said she was sorry. But the swollen eyes, and forlorn, tear-stained face, were more than she could bear; and taking the girl in her lap, she said, "Now, talk it right out, and tell mother how ever you came to do such a thing."

"Is she dead?" sobbed Hannah Helena.

"No; she's hurt, though, an' in bed, an' like to stay there awhile. Do you s'pose one o' them'll ever look at you again?"



"I don't care, I'm going to tell the whole now; it won't make things any worse, an' maybe I'll feel better. I've got her money! That she put in the bank, and Alice told you about."

"O land! O land!" moaned Mrs. Catly, throwing her apron over her head, and rocking back and forth. "That ever I should have a thief for a daughter!"

"I ain't a thief—I only took it to plague her. I was going to give it back Winthrop's birthday, maybe."

"Then come right along, and give it to her this very day; and take the best thing you've got, that she'll like, an' carry it too. And mind you say you're sorry."

"But I can't take it back. I want you to. I should go right through the floor. She'll hate me as long as she lives."

"No, she won't, if you speak the truth, an' don't cut up no more such capers. Now, come along."

Half an hour later, Toddle, sitting up in bed, her head bound up, and her little face very pale still, heard a bustle on the stairs, and in a moment Mrs. Catly came in, half leading, half pulling Hannah Helena, who, more ashamed than she had ever been before in her life, looked at no one, but, going up to the bed, laid before Toddle a painted plaster parrot, her chief treasure, and a folded bit of paper.

"I'm sorry I run away from you," she said,

"and there's your money out o' the bank. I didn't mean to keep it; I only did it to plague you."

Toddle felt too weak to be surprised at anything, and only looked a little reproachfully at Hannah Helena as she unfolded the paper, and saw again her lost money. Winthrop, though, could not keep still.

"I didn't think you'd be so mean, Hannah Helena," was all he said; but Hannah Helena cried afresh, and turned to go.

"Never mind," said Toddle, who could never bear to see any one in trouble. "You'll never do so again, will you?"

And Hannah Helena said, "No, I never will." I think she kept her word.

Toddle was quite well by the fourteenth, and Winthrop had his birthday party under the trees. How Toddle spent her money, I may tell you at some other time; and till then you must wait.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

WHEN the first day of the summer school came, there were no happier children in the valley than Ida and Lolo. They had never been to school, and now they were going. With their little dinner baskets, and new First Readers in their hands, they set out with Lucky; and they frisked and danced around him, as they went down the path, and out at the gate. Charlie and the baby followed them to the road, and watched them till they were out of sight, beyond the big black cherry-tree at the top of the hill, and then turned back to the house.

All that day the bees and butterflies haunted grandma's lilacs, undisturbed; and the dandelions around the fountain had their show, and shut up at their leisure, without losing a head among them; but, long before sunset, Ida and Lolo came running through the gate, to tell their grandma and aunts about their first day at school. Ida thought she must make a story of it. "First," said she, "we all seated down."

"You mean, you sat down," said grandma.

"O yes! we sat down, and the teacher told us we must be good. She said, 'You don't want me to scold you, or whip you, do you?' and some of the boys said, 'No.' So she read a story in the Bible, about Peter."

"No, it was only in the 'Book of Peter,'" said Lolo.

"Then she wrote our names on a paper, and she told all our names, and we said, 'Present.' After that, she said, 'Get your books,' and we read, 'See — the — boy — and — his — dog — can — say — how — you — do — but — and — has — pet — cat — mat.'

"By and by it was recess, and the boys rushed out, and they hurrahed, and whistled, and kicked up their heels. One of the little boys was asleep, and she shooked him, and put his hat on, and he went out. When the boys came in, she said, 'Now, girls, it is your turn to go.' So we went, and we ran, and shouted, and sung; and one of the girls said, 'Let's play "Pomp, pomp, pull away." So we played that till the teacher called us in. At noon we ate our dinners, and the boys and girls played together. Then we had school again; and, after a while, she said all the presents, and told us we might go home. Then all the boys stamped, and whistled, and spanked their hats on their heads; and all the girls piled up in the corner after their things, and so we all rushed out, and came home."

"Dear, dear!" said grandma, "the hurrahing, and stamping, and whistling, seem to have made

the deepest impression, so far; but I hope it will be different by and by. You must be good little girls."

"Yes, yes, we will," said Lolo. "I read with the boys, and didn't cry a bit."

"The teacher made us fold our arms up tight," said Ida.

"Suppose that was to keep us from wiggling," said Lolo. "Wiggling" was Lolo's great fault.

"Mary Bunny told us we should get a whipping, if we went to school," said Lolo; "but we gave the teacher some flowers, and she kissed us. That don't look much like a whipping, does it?"

"What kind of a play is 'Pomp, Pomp, pull away?'" asked Aunt Dorcas.

"O, they run, and run," said Ida, "and when they catch a girl, they say,

"One, two, three,
Good man for me!'"

"I know what I'll do," said Lolo. "I'll make a picture of it. Then you can see."

When the picture was finished, Aunt Dorcas asked, "What are those things round the sun?"

"Legs," said Lolo.

"But why does he have so many?" asked Aunt Dorcas.

"O," said Lolo, "you know he has to go all over the world, and he wants legs all round, so when one gets tired, he can use another."

The next day was just like the first, and the next, and the next; and so it went on, till it seemed to the little girls that they had always been to school, and were always going. But there were some troubles now and then. One day Lucky told Aunt Gitty that Lolo reached over carefully and took a lock of Mary Bunny's hair, and gave it a little twitch. Mary complained to the teacher, and Lolo had "a good talking to." While Lucky was telling this, Lolo turned her head away, and began to cry.

"Now, don't cry," said Ida; "Lucky mustn't tell such things."

"I know I'm mischievous," sobbed Lolo, "but I wish Lucky wouldn't always tell."

"No, no, I won't," said Lucky. "Don't cry: I've done worse things lots of times."

While their new, strange life was going on at school, it seemed like another place around their papa's home, and at grandma's. Charlie and the baby could make but little noise alone. Charlie might run with his little "wheelbarrel" loaded

with chips and weeds, and the baby could whirl round and round an apple-tree, singing,—

"Ring round rosy,
Bottle full of posy,"—

and they might both spend quiet hours sifting sand, or gathering little cheeses from the mallows; but, after all, there was something lacking in their plays. Charlie followed his father wherever he could; and Alice, in spite of her fear of the horses in the orchard beside the road, took to running away to grandma's. One day she came hurrying in at the gate, and ran to grandma with her usual good news. "I've got a little



"Pomp, Pomp, pull away."

clean face, and a little clean apron." Then she followed Aunt Gitty into her garden, trotting about carefully in the paths.

"See the pretty blue flowers," she said. "Give me one."

Aunt Gitty looked all around for the blue flowers. Could Alice mean the heliotrope? "No, that one," said baby, putting her hand on a flaming peony. When she had one flower, she began to covet more. "O," said she, spreading out her hand over a bed of pansies, "give me some of these butterflies." There was a coop of chickens under a climbing rose, and Alice ran to look at them.

"See the chickens!" she cried. "They're baby chickens, isn't they? I've got some baby chickens too, at myself housey, I is."

Alice never wanted to stay long, so, very soon, she must go back to see her mamma; but she was more afraid to go home than to come away.

"O, the horses won't hurt you," said Aunt Gitty.

"No, no, they won't," echoed the baby, anxious to make herself brave. "Horses don't like to eat little girls, do they? They like to eat grass, don't they? They're shutted up, and they

can't get out of the fence, can they?" But, for all that, Aunt Gitty had to go home with her.

It was a happy time for Charlie and the baby when the children came home from school. "When Charlie and the baby see us coming at the top of the hill," said Lolo, "they'll clipper out there to meet us. They always ask us if

how much they had done, and how much they were going to do; and then again it was like the most of big folks' housekeeping, — all cooking and eating.

They told Aunt Dorcas how the little boys and girls at school played "house," at noon. houses of stones, set round in rings on the grass, and had sticks for cupboards, and chips and leaves for dishes. They had posy-pots made of buttercups and daisies, propped up between stones. In the barn, which was like the house, they made nests of grass, and had little boys to sit on them. When the little boys had sat long enough, they would take some stones which they had in their pockets, and put them in the nests, and then they'd run off, flapping their arms, and saying, "Cut ! cut ! ca-da-a-t cut !" Then one of the girls would say she must hunt the eggs, and sometimes she would find as many as

"This is Ida and I, tetering, and the baby is coming through the gate. The sun has got the 'clipse [eclipse]. Don't you see? He has got some shears and clips."

we've got anything in our baskets. They think we've got some bread and butter, or cake. Sometimes we leave pieces on a purpose."

When the children were all at home, there was something going on, and everything seemed to have a new life. Even Lucky's fleet of ships, at the top of their pole on the hen-house, seemed to flutter their white sails, and go round faster. There was music in the air, — children calling to each other, and laughing as they scampered around the yard and orchard, with their long shadows keeping them company in the sunset. Sometimes Ida and Lolo, with a board balanced on the orchard-fence, "tetered" till the dusk came. How they sang as they flew up and down through the air. And afterward they played on the piazza, and looked at the moon and stars, and listened to the whip-poor-wills.

Saturdays were always holidays, and then the little girls played school, with Charlie and the baby for scholars; and they did not forget to practice housekeeping. They invented a great many ways to keep house. Sometimes house-keeping was just visiting each other with sick babies, which had to have Dr. Charlie sent for very often; and sometimes it was all talk about

thirteen, — stones, you know."

Ida and Lolo learned very fast at school, and would sometimes entertain their friends at home with scraps from their reading-lessons, like this: — "Charles — bring — out — your — goat — and — gig — and — give — us — a — ride." To



The Spelling-class.

the little girls, it seemed necessary to repeat this with a singing tone, and a strong accent on each word. Why not? If they only said it as they talked, who would know it was "reading out of a book?"

From the first day, the little girls found it a great pleasure to carry flowers to the teacher; and when the blue and white violets were gone



from the marshy places by the roadside, they begged flowers from their aunts' garden; and very soon other little children did the same. If Aunt Gitty, or Aunt Dorcas stepped into their garden after breakfast, to see what flowers had opened in the night, then all the children that could see them from their homes would come running, to get some flowers to carry to the teacher. And they must all have the same kind; so it was not safe to pick one, unless there were plenty more just like it. Big and bright flowers were the favorites, though pansies and sweet peas were much coveted. Still, it was never hard to please, for there were always enough gay verbenas and double hollyhocks. At first, Aunt Gitty asked Lolo where the teacher would put her flowers. "I don't know," said Lolo, "unless she puts them in her top-knot. There is a cup,—but we drink out of that."

But the little scholars soon provided the teacher with things to hold her flowers. She had at last a tea-cup, a tumbler, and a bottle. On the last day, so many flowers were given her, that even

these failed to hold them all, and it was necessary to keep up a judicious sprinkling on those outside.

The last day was a great day to the children, — a day in which they wore their best clothes, and the teacher played with them at noon, — a day in which, at the last moment, they kissed the teacher, and bade her good-by. Good luck go



School is out. The teacher is looking back.

with her! She made the first steps in learning pleasant to the little ones, and Ida and Lolo will always remember with delight their first summer at school.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER II.

IT was settled after this that Effie should stay for the afternoon school; but she was to take her luncheon, at Mrs. Leonard's request, at her house, near the school, and to go there regularly with Maria and Rosa Leonard. Then she had promised always to go and come home from school with Mary Connor, and never to make any delays.

She complained of this arrangement to Annie. "If Mary Connor were only more interesting! I have all sorts of plans for going and coming from school, but she never will enter into them. Now, we might so easily every day, on our way to school, make believe we are knights going to the Crusades; but she will not understand it, or join in it. I have arranged it that she is Geoffrey of Godelbert, with the Red Hair; and I am Sir Launcelot, with the Chestnut Locks, and she is

my squire. And just as I have been telling her there is an ambush of fiery snakes on the other side, and we must be particular to avoid them,—just at that very moment she will cross into the midst of them!"

"I suppose, because the walking is better on the other side," suggested Annie.

"For that very reason!" exclaimed Effie, "and it breaks up the whole thing."

"I don't see why it need," said Annie; "if you are a knight setting out in search of adventures, the more obstacles there are in the way, the more exciting it all is. If Geoffrey of Godelbert insists upon going in among the fiery snakes, Sir Launcelot ought to be willing to follow."

"O! if you were Geoffrey of Godelbert," exclaimed Effie, "there might be some fun. But very likely Mary Connor will be saying over her

lessons, and getting the multiplication table into 13 times 13!"

"That wouldn't be bad practice for Sir Launcelot, methinks," said Annie.

"O, but Mary Connor is so dull!" declared Effie.

"I dare say," said Annie, "in the old days of knights, that the squires were often very dull, the Geoffreys and Godelberts, and it may have tried the Sir Launcelots to go round the world with them. But if Geoffrey of Godelbert were brave, and fought all the dragons they met, Sir Launcelot probably bore with his dullness. You might imagine Geoffrey of Godelbert saying, 'I do not like to wet my jerkins, which are of fresh russet leather; therefore, Sir Launcelot, if it do not displease your mightiness, I will cross yonder among the fiery snakes, whom I do not heed, and we will fight them unto the end' —

"But she never does say anything of the sort," said Effie, "and she pays no attention to what I am saying, and can't even pronounce her own name!"

"I don't wonder at that," answered Annie; "why did you give her such a crack-jaw name as that? But she is as good a fighter as any Geoffrey. Did you know, Effie, she was talking of beginning to teach in school? and she already does teach her younger brothers and sisters! And what good bread she makes, and such pretty yellow pats of butter! If she won't talk with you about knights, you might get her to tell you how to make butter. I would rather do that than kill all the dragons I am likely to meet with!"

"O, she says she wouldn't have me about when she is making butter, for anything," exclaimed Effie. "She says, when you are making butter, you must not think of another thing; and I am always thinking of so many, the butter would never come!"

But unfortunately, after a while, even Mary Connor could not always come home with Effie. On certain days, she stayed to work on a sewing-machine, and was delayed an hour or more.

Annie then agreed to walk and meet Effie, and declared that she would be glad of the exercise. A tiresome time she often had, however. She sometimes walked nearly to the school-house before she found Effie, who had lingered for some reason best known to herself.

Frequently she would hear a shout from the side of the road, and she would look up, to find that Effie had climbed a steep hill-side, and she must wait, shivering in the autumn wind, till she

could come down. Sometimes she looked for her at the school in vain; and at last discovered she had gone home with Maria and Rosa Leonard, or Martha Sykes, or some other of the girls.

There had come a period of lovely weather in early September, when the sun seemed to be gathering all its warmth into the shortening days. It was greeted with delight, for the school-girls had planned a party in the woods, to a place where there were "heaps and heaps of blackberries," Martha Sykes said, and the Sykeses knew.

It was arranged to be on Saturday, and Annie was to go too; and she was to meet Effie and the rest of the girls after the morning's school, at the foot of the hill, and they were all to go together along the edge of the brook, through the fields. And they were to take their dinner, and have a picnic in the warm noon sun.

Some of the boys were to go too, and agreed to build a fire. There were Arthur Lee, and John Leonard, Maria's brother, and the Gordon boys, and Sam Parsons.

Annie arrived early at the place of meeting, and found some of the older girls there, — some of her own friends, who were always glad to have her join them. They sat down to wait, by the side of the road.

"Those little girls always keep us waiting," said one; "here we are, losing the best part of the day, because they will stop to fool over putting on their things at school."

"I suppose somebody has lost her India-rubber boots, and somebody else has hid them," said another. "We might as well give up going, as wait for that set of girls. Here come the Leonards." But the Leonards could give no account of Effie and the others. Florence Sykes, one of the older girls, thought it quite likely that Effie had gone with her younger sisters, half an hour before.

"You had better go without me," said Annie. "I will wait for Effie."

"We should not think of leaving you," said the others; and they all waited longer.

Annie had at last insisted that the others must set out, and she would go on up the hill to the school, and see what had become of Effie, when Gertrude Lee and Susie Parsons appeared running, and out of breath.

As soon as she could speak, Gertrude explained that Effie and some of the other girls had gone the other way, through the swamp.

"That is what I thought," said Florence Sykes. "Martha and Ann were trying to persuade the little girls to go that way. It is very much

shorter, but you are more likely to wet your feet ; there is more than one swamp, and there's a ditch to cross. Let us start off."

"Are you quite sure that Effie has gone that way?" asked Annie of Gertrude.

"O yes," answered Gertrude, "and they wanted us to go with them ; but we went back to ask our mothers, and they both of them said 'No !' very decidedly. They didn't like the swamp, and they wanted us to go with the older girls. And then we went back to tell Effie, and she had started off ; and then we hurried so, for we were afraid you would be gone. We ran all the way."

"That's just like Effie!" exclaimed the others. "The little girls will have picked all the berries before we get there. Let's be off."

When the place was reached, sure enough there were Effie, and a party of the little girls, picking away at the berries, and looking as if they had been there an hour or two.

"O, we've been here a long time," they cried, "and it's splendid fun."

They were in a lonely, wild spot. Tangles of blackberry-vines clustered round high rocks, on a broad slope, that gave a wide view of hill and valley, if anybody had time to look at it. But nobody did. Some of the older girls fell to scolding the younger ones for keeping them waiting so long ; but past troubles were soon forgotten in more active pleasures.

The boys had already begun to build a fire, which was their ideal of out-door happiness. Some went to ask for some ears of corn at a friendly farm-house in the neighborhood, and they came back laden with sweet potatoes besides, which it would be jolly to roast in the coals.

A fire-place was made on a smooth rock, and some of the party found pine-cones, that they flung into the coals when they were red-hot, and sticks of dry wood, that kept up the blaze. And they had to hurry about it all, too, for it was getting past noon, and they would all have to break up early, and leave the woods before the slanting sun had set.

They were very merry. It was a gay afternoon ! the sunlight itself danced among the leaves, and the autumn crickets tried to join in the fun, and seemed to be livelier than usual in their chirpings. And there were a few bright leaves beginning to glow upon the trees, and a noisy brook, not far off, made such a din, that everybody had to scream very loud, and shout, in order to be heard. It was lucky it was all far away in the woods, or somebody would have been

stunned by the noise. As it was, the tall pines, and the feathery hemlocks, and the old oaks, appeared to enjoy it.

Certainly it was a most successful afternoon ; the roasted corn and the sweet potatoes were perfect, and sent out such a savory smell, that summoned everybody to dinner before it was half ready. And there were plenty of berries, and plenty of fun ; and they played all kinds of games, and the afternoon seemed quite too short. Some did nothing but pick berries, some rambled about, and some sat by the fire and talked. And the boys built such a great bonfire, that it might have been seen by the whole country about.

It was growing late, and the older girls were busy picking up the things, when Effie found herself alone, for a few minutes, behind some elder-bushes. She was giving the last touch to her full basket of berries, and had found some that were especially fine, to crown the whole. She was about to shout to some of the rest to come and share them, when she heard some voices on the other side of the bushes. She was ready to interrupt the talk, when the sound of her own name stayed her.

"The whole thing was exactly like Effie," exclaimed one. "She came near spoiling our afternoon's sport, keeping us waiting there, sitting on a log, till she should choose to appear."

"She's a selfish thing," said another, "and I don't see how Annie can bear with her as she does. She thinks of nobody but Effie Ashley."

Effie thought it high time to make her appearance, and began silently to clamber up the rock above them. She meant to drop down suddenly upon the girls, and frighten them well, for calling her such names. But she was stopped all at once, when the next sentence came to her ears.

"And her own mother dying, too!" exclaimed the first speaker. "She might at least think of her, if she can think of nobody else."

"How she does neglect her mother, indeed!" exclaimed the other, and the two girls passed on.

Effie remained fixed on the rock up which she had climbed, among the bushes. The last words to which she had listened, rung in her ears, — "Her own mother, dying too!" What did they mean? It couldn't be true. How cruel those girls were to talk in such a way! It never, never could be true, or somebody would have told her. She had half a mind to call to them to come back, and ask them what they meant ; but how could she bear to say the words, those dreadful words?

She sat in a dreamy state, and did not observe

that the party below were gathering up the things to go. She did not listen to the cauls of one to the other, but presently hid her face in her hands, and began to cry bitterly. In this state Annie found her.

"Why, Effie, what had become of you?" she exclaimed. "We have been looking for you everywhere. All the girls have started off, and Mary and I are left behind, hunting for you. But what is the matter? Your basket upset? Never mind that, I have got plenty of berries; and we can scrape these up, too, in a minute, if you prefer your own. Here's your hat, and a basket for you to carry, for we must all go home loaded. What an afternoon it has been! We all say we never had such a good time in our lives. Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons are going to help us home with our load."

Effie looked up into Annie's face in wonder. How could Annie talk in this lively way, if what those girls had said were true? She could not ask any questions then; there was Mary Connor in the way, as she always was, and Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons; they all helped pick up her berries, and then set off, and she followed on.

Annie wondered at Effie's silence, but she thought she must be very tired. Something must have vexed Effie; she tried to talk to her cheerfully, and make her join in the talk with Arthur, and Mary, and Sam.

Effie thought Mary Connor never was so tiresome and stupid as she was to-night. Why would she stop at the gate to talk? and why must Arthur Lee and Sam insist upon coming in at the gate, to help bring the baskets, and leave them on the step?

"You know all this, Effie," said Annie, "is for Mrs. Snow to make into jam and jelly. Won't it be nice?"

At last Mary Connor said good-by, and the boys were gone. Annie turned to open the door; Effie seized her by the skirts of her dress. "O, do stop a minute: I want to talk to you!" she exclaimed. "I want to ask you some questions. Sit down on the steps. O Annie, is it true? do tell me if it is true. O, it cannot be that mamma is dying!"

"O Effie, pray be still,—be quiet!" said Annie; "do not let mamma hear you! What can you mean? how can you ask such a question?"

"I believe that the girls made it all up," said Effie, breaking out into fresh tears. "Why should they say so?"

In a little while Annie got from Effie an account of all that had happened.

"O, can it be true," ended Effie,—"can it be true?"

"Mamma is very sick," answered Annie, seriously, "but O, I have not dared to think she will not get well. O no, indeed, Effie, I cannot believe it. And it was a cruel thing for those girls to say what is not true. It was cruel, indeed. But perhaps they know better than we. Perhaps the doctor has told them something that he has not told us. Perhaps everybody knows something that they do not tell us. O Effie, Effie, I wish you had never heard this." And Annie took Effie in her arms, and began to cry silently.

Effie was shocked and terrified. All the way home she had been in a sullen mood. Nobody had told her how ill mamma was,—how could she be expected to know it? Annie knew everything that was going on at home, and had never told her; and Annie could be gay and merry, in spite of it all. She had heard Annie laughing all the afternoon, more merrily than she had ever known her to laugh before. Why should the girls call *her* selfish? She had half a mind to say nothing to Annie about it, but to go to her own room and cry, all to herself.

But now she quite broke down. Annie was as unhappy as herself: Annie did not know more than she did. She slid her little hand into Annie's, and said, "O Annie, what shall we do?"

After a few minutes, Annie roused herself. "Dear Effie," she said, "we will try and think it is not so; at least, till we are told. For my part, I have thought, lately, that mamma was much better. She has been able to sit up longer at a time, and she has enjoyed these warm, sunny days. I know the doctor has spoken more hopefully; and I know, too, that he wants mamma to be kept quiet and cheerful, and that we must not excite or trouble her. So, Effie, we will try and remember only the happy part of the afternoon, to tell her. She will not be asleep now, and she will want to hear how we have enjoyed ourselves. So we must take in to her all the joy, and wipe off our tears, and try not to think of them, till we have seen the doctor, or somebody who knows."

BEGINNING AN APIARY.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

MR. BRADLEY says that the first thing to be considered, in keeping bees, is, whether the object is profit, or instruction and pleasure.

I shall take it as granted, that the readers of the "Riverside," if they keep bees, have an eye to the profits, because, to make the business profitable, the bees must be taken care of in the very best manner possible, their habits and natures must be fully understood; and, therefore, the keeper will really get more benefit himself, than he would if he considered it a mere pastime.

I suppose no boy or girl will begin the business without first sitting down to count the cost. To be sure, the original cost is very small, if one begins (as Mr. Bradley did) with a single swarm. A good swarm will cost near ten dollars nowadays, and from it our boy or girl may get, the first year, another swarm worth ten dollars, and, at a moderate estimate, thirty pounds of good box honey. He may get two swarms, and he may get a hundred pounds of surplus honey; but let us put our figures at a low estimate, and say that he saves from his hives thirty pounds of honey apiece. This, at thirty cents a pound, would give him the munificent income of twenty-eight dollars the first year.

This is enough to make a Yankee girl or boy's eyes open pretty wide, especially when he considers that he can attend to his hives, and go to school all the time, too. The *cost*, you see, is very easily counted; but the youthful imagination begins to foreshadow trouble, in counting the immense profits. We are pretty sure our bee-keeper will be found some fine day, the first summer, performing an example in written arithmetic, not down in the text-book. It will be out of school hours, too; a time when girls and boys seldom indulge in the luxury of arithmetical exercises. The figures on his slate, when complete, will probably read something like this:—

ESTIMATED RESULTS OF BEE-KEEPING.

Original cost of swarm	\$10
FIRST YEAR.—One new swarm	\$10
60lbs. box honey, @ 30c.	18— 28
SECOND YEAR.—Two new swarms	20
120lbs. box honey	36— 56
THIRD YEAR.—Four new swarms	40
240lbs. box honey	72— 112
Carried forward	\$206

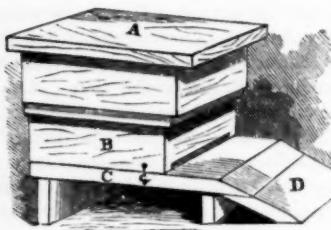
Brought forward	\$206
FOURTH YEAR.—Eight new swarms	80
480lbs. box honey	144— 224
FIFTH YEAR.—Sixteen new swarms	160
960lbs. box honey	288— 448
Assets at end of five years, invested in bees, and Treasury Notes	\$878

Brilliant! Is it not? We must confess that such a result, from an investment of ten dollars, is better than a speculation in petroleum stocks. Let the figures remain on the slate. Don't rub them off, on any account; keep them for reference. Figures never lie, you say. Wait till you are a little older, and then show them to us again.

Having decided to keep bees for the profit to be obtained, the next step is to select a location for the apiary. An apiary is a place where bees are kept; and if you keep bees, you will be an apiarist; but, as I do not approve of calling names, I shall still speak of you as a bee-keeper. You would scarcely think that much depended upon the location, but it is very important. In the first place, it should not be on elevated ground; for, in that case, the poor bees would be obliged to carry many loads of honey up-hill. They might try it at first, but a great many would fall by the way, and die; and at last they would be obliged to take half loads, and at the end of the season your boxes would not afford you even thirty pounds of surplus honey. So your figures would begin to lie, which would be a pity. It is hard work for a loaded bee to fly. Watch one, and see. He flies slowly toward home; but so soon as his load is deposited in the cell, you will see a difference in his movements, if he come out. Buzz! he will fly by you like a dart, and be lost in the distance.

If it be hard for a bee to carry a load up-hill, it is no less difficult for him to carry it against the wind. The apiary should be in a low, dry lot, protected from the northwesterly winds, either naturally, or by means of buildings, or a high and tight fence. It should be retired and quiet, with a southerly exposure, and safe from the intrusion of children and animals. The yard should not be so shady as to be damp, but small trees are no disadvantage; it should be free from weeds, and the grass ought to be closely cut, especially about the hives.

Suppose it is now the latter part of April, or early part of May. You have prepared a good place. The next step is to get a hive of bees to begin with. A reliable apiarist will sell you a good hive of Italian bees, for about ten dollars. These you buy already settled in the hive, with a young queen of pure blood. Be sure the bees are numerous enough to fill at least four of the spaces between the movable combs. Perhaps you do not know what movable combs are; but reference to the pictures will make the matter clear.



A is the cover, beneath which are the six glass honey-boxes. A rests on cleats at the sides of the frame-box, B, and is not fastened in any way.

B is the box containing the honey-frames. It is fastened to the bottom-board, C, by hinges at the back, and hooks at the sides. The bees enter by a space running the whole length of the hive in front.

C is the bottom-board, so arranged, that the frame-box may be lifted on its hinges, and the hive cleaned.

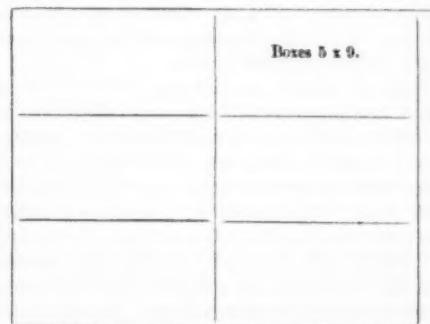
D is a board reaching to the ground, which enables heavily-laden bees to get into the hive easily.

Let us now go with Mr. Bradley, and examine a hive. He gives us what he calls a bee veil, and asks us to draw on our kid gloves. "Look first at the outside of the hive," he says. "You see that it appears to be simply one box on another. The bottom board rests upon a frame that is seven inches high at the back, and four inches from the ground, at the front part. This board projects four or five inches in front, and there is an opening of about half an inch all along the bottom of the box above this projection, by which the bees have access to the inside. I have two triangular pieces of wood of an inch in thickness, which, when laid upon this projection, with their longest sides toward the entrance, completely block it up. By turning these in other ways, I can leave a greater or lesser opening, and can thus control the bees, and protect the hive from storm or wind.

"When the number of bees in the hive is small, there is difficulty in their keeping warm, if the

entire entrance is open; but this is not the greatest of the troubles of weak swarms. If you watch the entrance of such a hive, you will see certain bees very nervously buzzing about it, peeping in at every imaginable crevice, and, apparently, using every effort to effect an entrance. You will notice others of a more demure behavior, evidently guarding the hive, and keeping the peeping Toms and prying Pauls from walking in. Every hive keeps a good guard at its entrance, — if it be numerous enough to keep warm, and spare any bees for picket duty, — because there are many robber bees, who are always on the alert, to steal what they can from unprotected hives. You see now another advantage of being able to make the entrance small, for it enables a weak hive to protect itself from intrusion, when it could otherwise not do so."

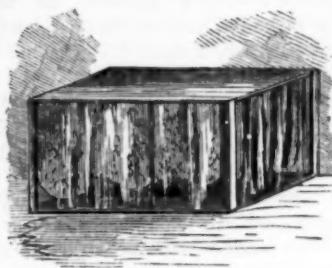
Mr. Bradley now pointed to a hook at the side of the bottom-board, and showed us that it, and the hinges at the back of the hive, held the lower box down, and at the same time enabled him to lift the hive up and clean the interior. This is a great convenience, for, during the winter, the bodies of dead bees, and other impurities, accumulate there, which need to be removed in the spring.



This figure represents the position of the glass honey-boxes, looking down upon them, when the cover A is removed. They do not fill the whole space, the frame-box being 19 inches by 15 inside, and the boxes 5 inches by 9 outside.

"You see," Mr. Bradley continued, lifting the upper box, — "you see that this rests upon cleats fastened to the sides of the lower box, an inch below its top. Thus, while the two fit very closely together, they are very easily taken apart." As this box was raised, we saw six honey-boxes, made, as represented in the engraving, of glass at the sides and ends, and of thin pine boards at the top and bottom, with little

corner posts, also of pine, into which the glass was set. We also noticed a round hole in the bottom board of each box, made for the bees to



One of the six glass honey-boxes.

creep up through to deposit honey in the bright comb, which we see through the glass sides.



This shows the ten honey-frames, looking down upon them after the six glass honey-boxes are removed. A thin board is laid between the tops of the frames and the bottoms of the boxes. It is pierced with six holes corresponding with those in the boxes, and is called the honey-board.

Here we stopped a few moments, for Mr. Bradley told us our next move would uncover the thousands of bees at work beneath, and that we should do well to guard ourselves from their stings. Two articles, he told us, were needed by novices for this purpose. The first is the bee veil, which any one may easily make. Get a yard of black bobbinet lace, or some other kind of netting. Run a narrow tape or cord through a hem on one edge, and then by sewing the ends of the yard of lace together, you have a sack open at top and bottom. Throw this over a broad-brim hat, draw the cord closely about the

crown, put the hat on your head, and tuck the lace under the collar of your dress, or coat. Take a piece of lighted spunk in your hands, and, with your kid gloves on, you may venture as far as you please among the hives. This spunk is an invaluable article, and is made of pieces of thoroughly dried rotten wood, of the maple, apple, or hickory-tree, cut into strips about an inch square, and as long as convenient. This will burn slowly without a flame, and the smoke may be directed into any part of the hive, by holding the lighted end near the point it is desired to affect, and blowing with the mouth. This smoke, Mr. Bradley says, will make the bees harmless for a time, acting upon them very much as a whip does upon a horse. The smoke startles the bee, and his first impulse when frightened is to fill himself with honey, and, like many other animals, he is pretty good-natured when his stomach is full. The spunk should be always ready, to be used as experience directs, which will be pretty often.

Gently now, for all our motions about the hive must be gentle and still; let us lift off the six glass boxes, and set them on a bench by our side. Beneath them we find a board with six round holes in it, corresponding with the holes in the bottoms of the boxes. This is called the honey-board, and we lay it off also. Now we have exposed the movable frames, which contain more combs and honey. There are ten of them, and as we look down upon them, they appear like ten slats, of an inch in width, resting by their ends upon the sunken ends of the lower box. We wish to examine one of these frames more closely. Let it be the third one. Mr. Bradley gently raises number one a trifle, and, having sent a puff of spunk smoke down the crevice, moves it as close to the side as possible, without



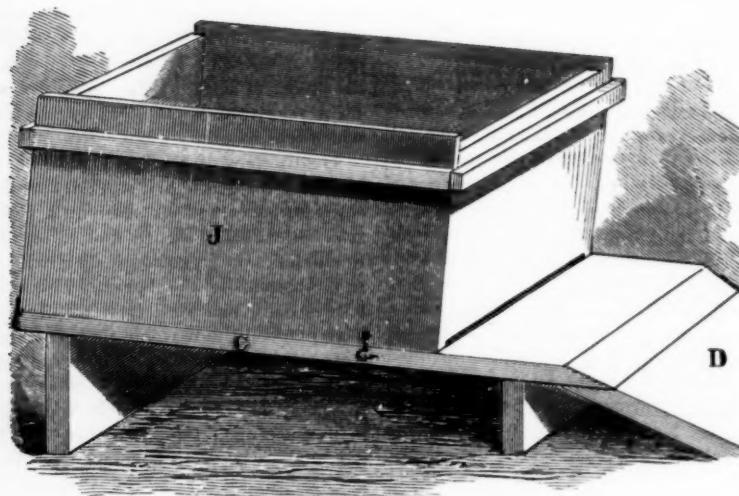
One of the ten honey-frames.

crushing the comb at all. Then he moves number two with equal gentleness, near to the first; and this done, there is considerable space about number three, and it is slowly raised out directly upward. We see now why it was necessary to move the first two frames. The comb is not of exactly equal thickness, and, besides, there are a

number of bees clustered upon it, which might otherwise have been crushed, or brushed off.

The frame is made, as we now see, of narrow pine strips, of which the upper one is the thickest, and is beveled on the under side. Unless this top strip, on which the comb is begun, were made with the V-shaped angle pointing downward, the bees might make the comb very irregularly. Sometimes they would make it directly across from one frame to another, which, by binding the whole together, would render it impossible to draw a single frame out, as we did just now. Even after making this bevel, to guide the bee, Mr. Bradley finds it necessary to incline the hive

at an angle of forty-five degrees, to make sure of their beginning the comb in a regular way. You see that in the picture the hive is higher at the back than it is in front; but when the bees first begin to make the comb, a block is placed under the back part, which raises it a great deal more. This is taken away after the comb is well started, but the hive must always be lower in front, in order that water may drain off, and that the dead bees, refuse, and foreign substances, may be readily carried out. You see in the picture a board is laid between the edge of the front platform and the ground. It often happens that heavily laden bees, coming home, are so exhausted as to



This figure represents the frame-box, showing the cleats at the sides: the side J and the opposite one are a little higher than the other two: a place is thus left for the frame to rest on.

alight just short of the platform, on the grass. In such cases, they are very likely to perish from cold and exposure, unless they have an easy way by which they are saved the exertion of using their tired wings to get to the front-door. Now we have seen the hive in all its parts. Is it not a simple contrivance?

If any of the readers of this paper get such a hive, and understand its parts, and so much of the nature of the bee as has been described, they will be interested to watch the little insects, and to study their habits more closely. You remember Francis Burnens, and Huber, who used his eyes. Think of the persistence of both of these men, and if you come to a place that demands

this trait of you, you may be encouraged by the example they have left. On one occasion Huber found it necessary to examine separately every bee in two hives. Think of a separate examination of 40,000 little bees, each one with a sharp sting; and then imagine Francis Burnens bending all his energies to the work for eleven days, hardly giving himself time to rest his strained eyes, to say nothing of his wearied body! When any bee-keeping girl or boy, who reads the "Riverside," has made such an examination of the bee as this, the editor will surely be glad to hear the result of the investigation. Mr. Bradley says you may study books if you please, and learn the theory as perfectly as possible, and of all books,

he would recommend you to get "Langstroth on the Honey-bee." But remember that any book will be useless, without practice.

In making studies, if you are looking for a profit in bee-keeping, the hive must never be jarred, nor unnecessarily disturbed, and all motions about it must be moderate. Mention has been made of a quiet location as desirable, and it is important also that children do not have access to the bee-yard. They have delight in poking sticks into the hive, to see how quickly the bees will rush out. Having no fear, they volunteer, on such occasions, before the draft, and at the cost of their lives, immediately attack the intruder. A little son of Mr. Bradley, named Ernest, once tried this experiment, and received a large number of stings before help was obtained. He would have been stung to death, if he had not been rescued. Even a strong man is as helpless, attacked by a few thousand bees, as Gulliver was, when pinned down by the little people of Lilliput. In such cases, kerosene oil, or spirits of hartshorn, may be applied to advantage externally, and strong doses of whiskey will do good, if applied internally. By exercising caution, however, one may generally escape being stung, for bees seldom sting, unless provoked.

Last month, you remember, we spoke of feeding bees with unbolted rye flour. It is also well to give them sweetened water in the spring. By doing this, the weaker hives are protected from the robbers which have been mentioned. If the bees are all fed, — strong, as well as weak hives, — the prowlers are kept busy at home, and will not attack their neighbors. The first natural

food that the bees in Berkshire get is from the flowers of the willow. Afterward, they make raids on the fruit-blossoms, and the white clover, and berry blossoms, from the last two of which the surplus honey is derived. In August they have the flowers of the buckwheat; and then, for some reason, the little fellows are very cross, and their stings are more venomous than at any other season. In September comes the golden-rod, about which Mary Lorimer told us in October, 1867, and of which there are many varieties in different parts of the country.

We have only time now to speak of two facts. The bee-keeper will find that the operations of the hive are carried on in the spirit of the tenth verse of the third chapter of Second Thessalonians. There appears to be no mercy in the disposition of a bee; and if one of the hive is sickly, or in the least maimed, so that he cannot work, he is immediately dragged out, and pitilessly left to perish of cold and hunger. The other fact is, that if any foreign substance gets into the hive, which cannot be removed, — like a pebble, or a miller, — the bees will cover it up with propolis, and thus hermetically sealed, it is, of course, harmless.

Mr. Bradley thinks you are now in a position to take care of your hive, to study the bees' habits, to learn how they swarm, how they are born and bred, how they make their combs and honey, and whether they will give you, the first year, so much as thirty pounds surplus, and a new swarm. He desires to say, in parting, "Keep yourself very neat and clean," for bees dislike slovenly people exceedingly.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a chilly June evening, a hundred years ago, when a long line of tired pack-horses came down a mountain gorge of the Alleghanies, in Western Pennsylvania, and stopped at a block-house. Tom's great-great-grandfather, Willy Lewis, was on the last horse, perched between two bags of alum salt. Naturally, when it comes to a great-great-grandfather, our Tom, or any other rational boy, thinks of the very ghost of Old Age itself, white-haired and rheumatic, in

the chimney-corner. But Willy was in reality a little chap of thirteen, who had not yet lost all of his first teeth; they were still quite black and uneven; if it had not been for that, he would have been as pretty as a girl, with his blue eyes and yellow hair.

So like a girl was he, indeed, that when they stopped at the low stone tavern, one of the men chucked him under the chin as he lifted him down, saying, "Hi, Miss Molly!" Willy shook him off contemptuously, and went to the door to

wait for his father. These traders were horribly coarse and insolent, he thought; he could not understand what pleasure his father, who was noted in Philadelphia as a scholar, and one of the most reserved of men, could have found in his daily talks with them through three long weeks of journeying, side by side, over the mountains.

Doctor Lewis was with Josh (one of the roughest of them) now, helping him unstrap the horses. "It's been a hard pull on yon little man," said Josh, nodding to Willy. "I wonder you weren't afraid to bring him."

"It was just what he needed," said Doctor Lewis, quietly, but loud enough for Willy to hear. He did hear, and it made him more sullen. He did not choose that Josh should think he could gain anything from him, or his wilderness, or his mountain air. He had acted toward all the men as if he were a young prince who had dropped down among them, growing more angry every day when they jeered at the little airs and graces which his mamma and grandmother had thought so dainty.

When Doctor Lewis had proposed to leave Philadelphia, and take the long, perilous journey to the white settlements below Fort du Quesne, in search of his brother, who had emigrated there years before, the boy had been frantic with pleasure at the thought of going with him. There was the great wilderness, out of which came terrible rumors of Indians, and wolves, and elks,—and he going out into it, in search of adventure! There was no danger through which his courage and sense would not carry him victoriously, he was sure. He quite longed for some attack, so that he could show his father how he could plan for both of them. Willy, to do him justice, had been a hard scholar; he could read a little in Virgil, chatter French with a very fair accent, and dance a minuet to his mamma's satisfaction. He knew that she was anxious to take him back to England, to show off his accomplishments to his cousins there; so he had very little fear that, with all his knowledge, he could not make his way in the backwoods. Bold Sir Jack, with his sword of sharpness, and shoes of swiftness, was not so well armed as he, in his own opinion!

But that was three weeks ago. They had jogged on safely enough by day, and in the one attack made on the camp by wolves, he had been hidden among the pack-saddles by Josh, as though he were a baby. Worse than all, he was continually tired and hungry. Their provisions had given out, and they had to depend on the pork and dried corn which they bought at the one or

two mud-forts which they passed on their road. The nauseousness of "hog and hominy" was not a thing to call for heroism; yet it vexed Willy's soul within him. He thought of one miserable meal until the next. The truth was, his mamma had pampered him into a little dyspeptic, on prawlongs and postillas, the fashionable confections in those days.

While Willy was waiting, he slipped off the outer coat and leggings he wore. He wanted the people at the block-house to see his shirt with its laced ruffles, his silk hose, and tiny knee-buckles of brilliants, and his doublet of scarlet cloth buttoned with silver coins, and to understand he was something quite different from the traders with whom he had come. The half dozen men, gathered in from the cabins, stared a minute or two, and then resumed their whispering. There was a continual mutter of "Indians!" "Indians!" The traders from Philadelphia had not yet heard of the rising among the redskins along the Ohio border. The caravans of pack-horses that took six weeks to make their half-yearly journeys, did not carry news quite so swiftly as railroads or telegraphs do for us now. The men stood among their half unpacked bales, with scared, pale faces, listening to the backwoods-men's stories, wishing their barter was made, and they were safe back in Philadelphia. For this block-house and tavern were an intermediate station, you understand, to which these traders brought iron pots, pewter dishes, salt, seeds, and ammunition, to exchange for the cattle, dried meat, and furs, brought up by the settlers from their cabins in the wilderness. A party of these backwoodsmen were looked for that night.

"You'll not go back with them, out West?" said Josh to Doctor Lewis. "If the redskins are on the war-path, it's no place for the boy."

"I have no doubt these stories are overstated. We'll see what the men from the settlements say. I am not willing to turn back without having found my brother. Go in, William, go in," following him into the house, and watching him with an anxious look.

Willy would have liked to have poured out all his wrath and discontent with the whole journey, to his father; but boys a hundred years ago did not express their opinions, if they had any. Petted as he was, Willy never spoke, or sat down in his father's presence, without leave. He stood by the hearth, on which (though it was June) a big log of wood burned. The forests, which covered the whole country, kept out the sun, and the deep grass held the dank dews so, that there

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were few nights in summer in which a fire was not needed. Willy looked about him contemptuously at the plastered walls, the wooden table, with its delft cups and saucers. He hoped his uncle might come up with the settlers to-night. He knew that he was a great landholder: owned thousands of acres on the Ohio River shore, which was, he thought, the farthest limit of the known world. Willy imagined him a sort of prince among the people.

"My father talks to these men as if he were one of themselves," he thought. "But when Uncle Walter comes, they will understand who we are." For Willy's mamma never allowed him to forget his family, and that her brother was a baronet in Shropshire. "You were born to be a man, my son," she would say. "As for these poor creatures, without birth or education, they must do what they can."

There was a sudden noise outside; and Willy, hurrying to the window, saw a mingled crowd of mounted men, cattle, and dogs, in the yard, by the light of flaming torches. The caravan had arrived, the men were swearing, the dogs barking without the inclosure; the mountains towered, dark and solemn, in the night, and from out their silence came the far-off cry of the wolves. Doctor Lewis had just opened the door, when Josh met him, speaking quickly, "There is a Walter Lewis here, sir, and his son. Is it your brother?"

"Do not come out, Willy," said Doctor Lewis, huskily, following Josh, and went out. Willy had never seen his father so pale and excited. He had not seen his brother for twelve years. Willy himself was burning with impatience. He was glad he had worn his best suit, now that he was to meet this cousin, who was heir to such a royal estate.

In a few minutes the door opened, and a boy came in, followed by a big yellow dog. For a moment, Willy was not sure if it were a boy or an animal. His skin was a copper color, and his hair hung black and straight down his neck. He wore a loose short shirt made of deer-skin, belted round his waist, with a bullet-bag, and chunk of jerked venison sticking out of the breast. Instead of breeches like Willy, he wore moccasins made of deer-skin up as high as the knee, and a linen cloth a yard or two long passing under the belt before and behind, the flaps, which hung over, covered with scarlet trimming. A tomahawk and knife were thrust into his belt; his thighs, and part of the hips, were bare. He wore a deer-skin cap, into which was put (by

way of ornament) a fox's tail, and one or two bright scarlet feathers. This wild-looking creature walked up to Willy, and stood as straight and silent as an Indian, regarding him.

At last he nodded, and spoke. "My name is Jonathan Lewis," he said, "and you, I suppose, are my cousin. There is my father;" and at that moment Doctor Lewis came in, his hand resting on the shoulder of a tall man, to whom he was talking eagerly, and who was dressed and looked precisely like the wild boy, except that instead of the Indian breech cloth, he wore loose leggings of linsey.

"This is my boy, Walter," said Doctor Lewis, dragging Willy forward. The hunter took up Willy's white mite of a hand in his horny palm, and patted him on the head. "We'll make a man of him," he said, and went on talking apart to his brother. He did not show the excitement and pleasure at the meeting which Doctor Lewis did, though he felt as much. Men who live long in the silent mountains and fastnesses of the wilderness, become as dumb and reticent of emotion as they.

Meanwhile Willy tried to talk to his cousin, who, after all, might have a princely whim of dressing like a savage. "You do not come often to this wretched place," he said.

"I never was here before. This is the first house I ever saw, or that baby stuff," nodding to the delft ware on the table.

Did they, then, have dens in the ground, and tear raw flesh with their claws, like beasts? Willy drew back a little.

"Anyhow, I am glad to see you, Jonathan," bowing politely.

"Are you? You don't look it." The young savage laughed good-humoredly. "Call me Jont. Everybody does."

One of the men called to him, "You'd better come out, if you want to make a good bargain for your peltry, Jont. These men are going back to-morrow. They're skeered by the redskins."

Willy followed him out into the big kitchen. Jont had some furs, which he soon sold. "I'll take a half bushel of salt," he said.

"They're not worth it."

"I'll throw in fifty acres of land, tomahawk claim. My father will make it good."

Willy stood by, astonished to see at how precious a value they held the salt. It was shaken by hand lightly into the measure, no one being allowed to cross the floor at the time, lest they might make it fall.

"How old are you?" he said to Jont, seeing how quiet and cool he was about his bargain.

"Twelve." Jont hesitated a little, and then added, reddening, "I'm counted as a fort soldier. I had a port-hole given me last winter."

"O!" This was all Greek to Willy. "There's the supper, I think."

He watched Jont closely at supper. He did not gnaw his food. He cut the smoking bear's meat with his clasp-knife, it is true, but was cleanly enough about it. He watched Willy furtively drink his coffee. "Medicine, hey?" with a nauseous grimace.

Willy smiled loftily; and turning his cup down, to show he had enough, crossed his spoon over it. Jont did the same, immediately. Nothing escaped his quick-glancing black eyes.

CHAPTER II.

"I'd rather die, than live here," Willy used to cry every day, for a month after they reached Jont's home. But Jont said nothing. Doctor Lewis had gone with his brother to his hunting-camp, where he spent several months of the year alone. They were not coming back for some weeks. The boys were left quite alone with Mrs. Lewis, Jont's mother. Jont was a very quiet boy, but he had such a queer twinkle of fun in his eye that Willy was afraid of him.

One day they were seated in front of the cabin. It was only a log-hut, but it was wide and clean, with a floor of alternate red and white cedar strips. Hams of jerked venison hung over the chimney. Mrs. Lewis, a tall, sallow woman, with quick eyes, and a low, pleasant voice, like Jont's, sat at a loom, weaving. Jont was grinding corn between two stones, his tame bear-cub rolling about at his feet. The sun shone pleasantly. But the quiet was something terrible. When Willy stopped his chatter, the silence was like that of the land of the dead. The cabin was beside the river, on the edge of the great western forest, unbroken for a thousand miles. There were no singing-birds then in these woods, — they did not follow the white settlers for many years after that, — no ducks or chickens were cackling about the door; even the dog had learned, in hunting, the trick of silence, and stealthy motion, as though perpetually on the watch for a hidden foe. Now and then came a low from the solitary cow, or a buzzard flapped its heavy wing overhead, and passed out of sight, and then the stillness was unbroken again.

"What do you think of my noggins, Willy?" said Jont, glancing proudly at a row of prettily streaked wooden bowls, carved out of the knots of the ash-tree.

"It seems to me, making dishes and grinding corn, is queer education for a man," said Willy.

"I don't know," said Jont, humbly. "I can make very good shoes, too. What can you do, then?"

Willy hesitated. He thought of his Latin Grammar; but of what use would a jabber of nouns and verbs be, here in this awful solitude? Suppose he danced a minuet? His face grew red at the mere fancy of a little fellow capering about in the shadow of these gigantic trees. He began to recite some French poetry, to Jont's awe-struck admiration. Mrs. Lewis came to the door, and listened. Willy seldom remembered that she was an educated woman, because she wore a linsey dress, and moccasins.

"Very well remembered, Willy," she said, smoothing his hair. "But, after all, it is not what a man knows that makes him a man."

"What is it, then, aunt?"

She smiled quietly. "You will find that out for yourself. Go with Jont, to bring up the cow. Take the dog with you."

Willy walked angrily beside Jont. He and his accomplishments were held at slight value here, he saw; he had a mind to prove to them, once and for all, the difference between himself and them. They talked of the dangers of a backwoods life, — his knowledge and sense would make short work of such dangers. Besides, he did not believe there was anything to be afraid of, with a side look into the woods. Why must he go about in leading-strings, guided by Jont and the dog, as though he were a baby? He would take a walk into the woods alone, and now! There was nothing there but trees, after all. He thought, with keen delight, of the terror of his aunt and Jont, if they thought him lost. He owed them a grudge, and he meant to pay it.

Half way down to the river, he stopped. "I'll go back home, Jont. I'm going to take a nap."

"Take Bull with you."

"No."

"You'll go straight up the path, then, Willy?" said Jont, anxiously. "It's a queer habit you've got of sleeping in day-time, anyhow!"

Willy tossed his head, and marched up the path. He had no idea of taking a nap. Long ago his nurse had taught him how clever it was to trick people by a "white lie" or two, and he

had never forgotten the use of them. Jont watched him, starting to follow him, at last. "But no harm can come to him. There's mother in sight yet," he said, and turning, went for the cow. As soon as Willy saw that he had turned his back to him, he ran rapidly over a bald knob of grass to the pebbly shore of the river. Here he was safe from the rattlesnakes and copperheads, which Jont killed sometimes in the woods. He ran along the bank, picking up the smooth yellow and pink pebbles, and storing them away in his pockets. There was no chance of losing his way, for all he had to do was to retrace his steps to the path leading from the cabin. Feeling perfectly safe, therefore, he unconsciously walked further than he had at first intended.

The sun was hot, and the damp, sultry wind from the swamps made him drowsy. He sat down under the shadow of a great oak, that grew close to the water. Jont would think he was asleep in the cabin, and would not miss him for an hour or two. He would give them time for a thorough scare, he thought, chuckling ill-humoredly, and curling himself up on the dry, warm sand. They should see how able he was to take care of himself! Neither Latin, nor French, nor dancing, you see, will keep a boy from being silly or spiteful.

The broad river lapped the shore drowsily, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves above him. Willy's head fell heavier on the sand pillow. Up in the thick papaw bushes a pair of half-shut black eyes were watching him with the ferocity of a tiger, but not a breath, or the rustle of a twig, showed that any living thing but himself was near. He was thinking over his own merits and good breeding, as usual. How thankful he was it was Uncle Walter, and not his father, who had chosen to bury himself in this wilderness! He would have been grinding corn, like Jont, now, no doubt! Jont had one queer accomplishment, which puzzled Willy a good deal. He could load and fire a rifle, while running at full speed. He used to practice every day, for an hour or two, never failing to hit the mark. "There wasn't a man in the fort, last winter, who could do it," he had told Willy yesterday. Still he went on practicing, practicing.

"Jont holds on to a thing, just like a dog," muttered Willy, snappishly, raising his head. As he raised it, the glittering eyes came closer to him in the grass, and a long, stealthy body,

wound itself along; but there was not a sound. However, Willy did not rise: that was the last explosion of ill temper. His head dropped again, and his eyes closed, and in a moment he was asleep. The stealthy, fierce eyes never relaxed their hold on him. The sun shone warmly, the river went on with its monotonous, lulling ripple. A bright-eyed black and gray squirrel ran out on the bough above him, and peered curiously down at the scarlet doublet and little kneebuckles glittering in the sun. Still the dark body yonder lay motionless in the grass. Presently a bit of bark broke under the squirrel's paws, and fell on Willy's face. He stirred.

Then, with a noiseless, panther-like bound, the Indian reached him. Out of the neighboring grass came another. Their dress and paint would have been unknown even to Jont, if he had been there; they did not belong to the friendly tribe who sometimes came to the cabin, but to a nation who lived far toward the setting sun, where no white man had ever gone. They stooped over him without a word; but nodded, pointing significantly to his buckles, and silver-coin buttons. Poor Willy! If he had been willing to wear the suit of linsey his aunt gave him, they would hardly have thought him worth the taking.

They lifted him so gently that he did not waken. The taller of them carried him swiftly along the bank, to the other side of the bluff, where a light birch-bark canoe was fastened. In another moment they were skimming down the river. The rocking motion soothed him to a yet heavier sleep.

It was near dusk when he awoke. He lay at the bottom of the boat, which shot swiftly down the stream. The wooded hills on either side,—the sky, with its fleecy white clouds, overhead, were growing dim in the melancholy twilight. The silence about him was absolute. He yawned, and rubbed his eyes, thinking that he dreamed. Then he caught sight of the copper-colored men sitting straight and motionless in the boat, their bodies covered with green and yellow paint, and he sprang up with a shrill cry of terror. The Indians took no notice of him, even by a look; he could summon no one to his help. He might cry, and dash himself against the sides of the boat as he would. There were none to hear, except the wolves on the shore, and the black cormorants, that wheeled their slow flight through the darkening sky.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALICE.

XIX.

GOOSEBERRIES and strawberries,
 First are in season ;
 Mulberries and raspberries
 Follow in reason.
 Currants and cherries
 Come next in place ;
 Blueberries and blackberries

Keep up the race.
 Peaches and plums
 To these now succeed ;
 Melons and pears,
 Delicious indeed.
 Grapes of all kinds,
 In ripe clusters appear ;
 And apples and cranberries
 Last the rest of the year.



XX.

Come here, you griga,
 Here's a show !
 Five baby pigs
 All in a row !
 They came last night,
 Brown, pink, and white,
 With tails curled tight,
 And eyes so bright.
 It is a treat
 To see them eat,
 And hear them squeak,
 A-week ! A-week !
 And O ! what fun
 To see them run !
 And then stop short,

With grunt and snort,
 Poking about
 With curious snout.
 No, Master Dick,
 Put down that stick !
 You must not dig
 A baby pig
 Under the rib,
 To make him squeal.
 How would you feel
 Should I do so
 To you, you know ?
 You must be kind,
 Or else you'll find
 You won't come here
 Again, my dear !

XXI.

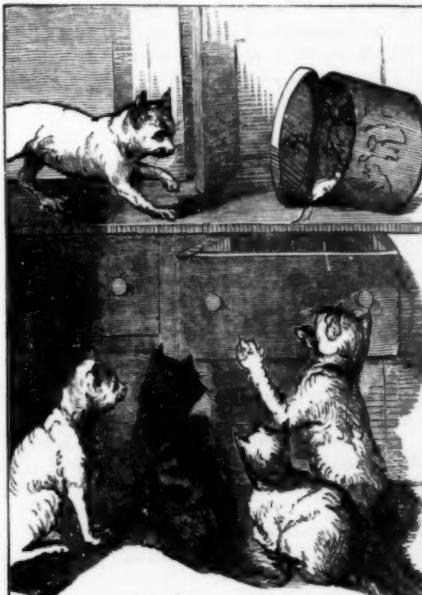
Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop !
Up he goes
To the tree top !
Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he comes
To the ground.
Furly, curly,
What a tail !



Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail !
Where's his supper ?
In the shell ;
Snappy, cracky !
Out it fell !
Stir the fire,
Put on the pot,
Here's his supper
Hissing hot !

XXII.

Mistress Mouse
Built a house
In mamma's best bonnet ;
All the cats
Were catching rats,
And didn't light upon it.



At last they found it,
And around it
Sat watching for the sinner ;
When, strange to say,
She got away,
And so they lost their dinner.

THE SETTLE.

CERTAINLY, see "The Settle," as the frontispiece says. The first thing you will find in it is the fable from *Æsop*, which Mr. Stephens illustrates.—

THE FIGHTING COCKS AND EAGLE.

Two cocks were fighting for the sovereignty of the dunghill : when one of them having got the better of the other, he that was vanquished hid himself for some time ; but the victor, mounting an eminence, clapped his wings, and crowed out, "Victory !" An eagle, who was watching for his prey near the

place, saw him, and making a stoop, trussed him in his talons, and carried him off. The cock that had been beaten, perceiving this, soon quitted his hole, and shaking off all remembrance of his late disgrace, gallanted the hens with all the intrepidity imaginable.

Now, we propose giving up the Settle this month entirely to the children, who have the most right there ; and here follow, to be guessed in order, enigmas, riddles, charades, and puzzles.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. We have a fine companion
Who is always gay and free,
The letters of whose name
And title count just 23.
The 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, is a 1, 19, 5, 7, 3,
Which is used to make the 9, 14, 20, 22,
A beverage our friend is quite fond of,
And drinks quite often, too.
9, 11, 2, 5, 8, is what we all depend on,
And called the "staff of life."
The 9, 19, 21, 3, 4, 15, is a liquid
That causes pain and strife;
The 18, 10, 9, 9, 10, 1, 2, is a vegetable
That is good made into 'kraut,
Which our friend is also fond of,
And cannot do without.
The 7, 12, 20, 17, 19, 14, 21, 16,
Is a frozen compound,
That gives our friend delight
More than all else that can be found.
The 6, 7, 3, 2, is ever lovely to see,—
Above all, when filled with its fruit,
Which in October deliciously ripens,
And especially our friend's taste does suit.
The 16, 5, 11, 9, 13, 14, will rise above him,
When the ground is o'er his cold 12, 13, 21, 23,
After all these good things he has partaken,
And from the world and its cares he is free.
The whole is the name of a former Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania.

2. I am composed of twelve letters.
My 4, 11, 8, 2, 7, is a wild animal.
My 8, 11, 10, 2, is a drink.
My 5, 9, 10, 2, bears a delicious fruit.
My 3, 4, 12, 8, is a graceful animal.
My 7, 12, 6, 10, visits us often in April.
My 1, 6, 10, 4, 2, 7, is what we often wish for in summer.
My whole is the name of my native State.

c. o. n.

3. My whole is the capital of one of the United States, and is composed of ten letters.
My 1, 6, 3, 9, 2, 8, is a town in Michigan.
My 2, 9, 8, 5, 6, 3, is one of the U. S. A.
My 3, 6, 9, 8, is a part of the Thames.
My 4, 9, 2, 10, is a city of New York.
My 5, 9, 2, 4, 3, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 6, 4, 8, 5, 2, is a town in New York.
My 7, 2, 9, 1, 6, 3, is a city of Utah.
My 8, 1, 6, 9, 10, is a town in Mississippi.
My 9, 6, 1, 8, is a city of Italy.
My 10, 6, 3, 5, 8, is a town in Alabama. n. n.

4. I am composed of 19 letters.
My 7, 11, 14, 15, has no end.

My 3, 17, 18, 5, every carpenter must have.
My 16, 6, 10, 18, 9, the name of an ancient king.
My 4, 2, 7, 8, 12, we all sometimes are.
My 19, 17, 5, 1, a little girl's favorite plaything.
My whole is the name of the heroine of a nursery tale.

5. I am composed of eight letters. My whole is the name of a plant.
My 3, 4, 6, 5, makes stormy weather.
My 3, 7, 8, is a strong drink.
My 8, 7, 1, is a drinking-vessel.
My 1, 2, 3, 8, 4, 5, is a language. x. y. z.

CHARADES.

1. You see me sometimes in the ear,
More often on the hand,
Or at the throat of lady fair,
In beauty rich I stand.

Take off my head, 'tis small and round,
And often eaten too;
And lo ! a grandee now is found,
Who counts his peers but few.

Restore my head, cut off my tail,
And eat me as I am;
My pleasant juices will prevail
O'er plantain, date, or yam.

How long's my tail ? More than a yard,
But not so long as two;
Cut off both head and tail, 'tis hard,
But I've a drum for you.

Now, what's my head ? A shining eye;
A plural verb my tail.
Cut both right off, and there am I,
Indefinite, but hale.

2. In the darkness of night, as Ichabod Crane
Through the gloomy and thick forest rode,
He met with a ghost at the end of the lane,
Who gave him my *first*, and never again
Did Ichabod pass near that wood.

As swift as my *second* flies over the plain,
Poor Ichabod sped on his way;
Cold horror bedewed him; with might and with
main
He clung to his horse, nor slackened the rein,
Till he saw from his window a ray.

Alas for poor Ichabod ! fondly he'd dared
To hope for the lovely Katrine;
But now in disgrace, nor from ridicule spared,
At best but resembling my *whole*, fate declared
That his rival should bear off his queen.

F. W. H.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

1. 'Twas here the patriot first assumed command,
What time oppression threatened all the land ;
And here in peace sits Learning throned in State,
The best and wisest in her courts await.

2. Flow on, fair stream ! pour all thy riches forth,
Till every valley of the South and North
Send out thy branches, that the land may know
What priceless treasures from such streamlet flow !

CROSS WORDS.

1. A godly man, so learned, wise, and witty,
That he believed in witches, more's the pity.

2. The Indian motto of a ten-year State,
Freely translated, meaneth, " Stranger, wait ! "

3. In vain, in vain for the third word I strive ;
You may express it by, one thousand, five !

4. A Buddhist priest, — O, would we had him here,
This golden Pactolus with us to share.

5. A name the church to Friar Bacon gave,
Before they called him heretic and knave.

6. Loyola's name, — and still a saintly sign,
The common name, too, — for the bean strychnine.



Proverb in Picture.

7. Tanners and dyers use me with success,
Three single letters will my eight express.
8. Four letters round the sum of human bliss,
Life, fame, health, honor ; barter all for this.
9. O faithful love ! Longfellow's tender rhyme
Records thy pilgrimage from clime to clime.
Now both *acrostics* welcome me, I pray,
And let with you live my little day.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN MAY NUMBER.

Charade. — Honeymoon. Charade with behead-

ings. — Score. Riddle. — Bass. Proverb in Picture. — All's not gold that glitters. Double Acrostic. — Foundation words — Old, new. Cross words — Onion, love, dew. Anagrammatic Enigmas. — 1. Eugene Murray Aaron. 2. Procrastination is the thief of time. Word Puzzles. — 1. Plague (ague). 2. Mail-carrier. 3. Often. 4. One with a good "Conductor." M. S. H.'s Riddles. — 1. Bard (lard, yard). 2. Cod (Sea, o, Dee). 3. Mimic. 4. Laundress. 5. e. 6. Cheat (heat, eat, at, teach, tea, chat, ache). 7. Hans Christian Andersen. 8. Schuylkill.

enables
new dress



Wednesday .

1 Kentucky admitted into the Union, 1792.

Thursday . .

2 Battle of Boyne, 1690.

Friday . .

3 Treaty of Peace between United States and Trip-

4 Battle of Magenta, 1859.

[oli, 1805.

5 An elephant broke loose in Rhode Island, 1854.

6 Patrick Henry died, 1799.

7 Mohammed died, 632.

Wednesday . .

8 Andrew Jackson died, 1845.

Thursday . .

9 George Stephenson born, 1781.

Friday . .

10 The Hermit of Niagara Falls drowned, 1831.

Saturday . .

11 Roger Bacon died, 1294.

Sunday . .

12 Attack on Hadley, 1676. See "Riverside Maga-

[zine," January, 1870.

Monday . .

13 Benedict Arnold died, 1801.

Tuesday . .

14 Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief, 1775.

Wednesday . .

15 Butler, of Butler's "Analogy," died, 1752.

Thursday . .

16 Battle of Bunker Hill, 1776.

Friday . .

17 Battle of Waterloo, 1815.

Saturday . .

18

Sunday . .

19 Cornwallis evacuated Richmond, 1781.

Monday . .

20 John Smith died, 1631.

Tuesday . .

21 Bonaparte's second abdication, 1815.

Wednesday . .

22

Thursday . .

23

Friday . .

24 Midsummer day.

Saturday . .

25

Sunday . .

26 Oliver Cromwell inaugurated Lord Protector, 1657.

Monday . .

27 Rear Admiral Foote died, 1868.

Tuesday . .

28 Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.

Wednesday . .

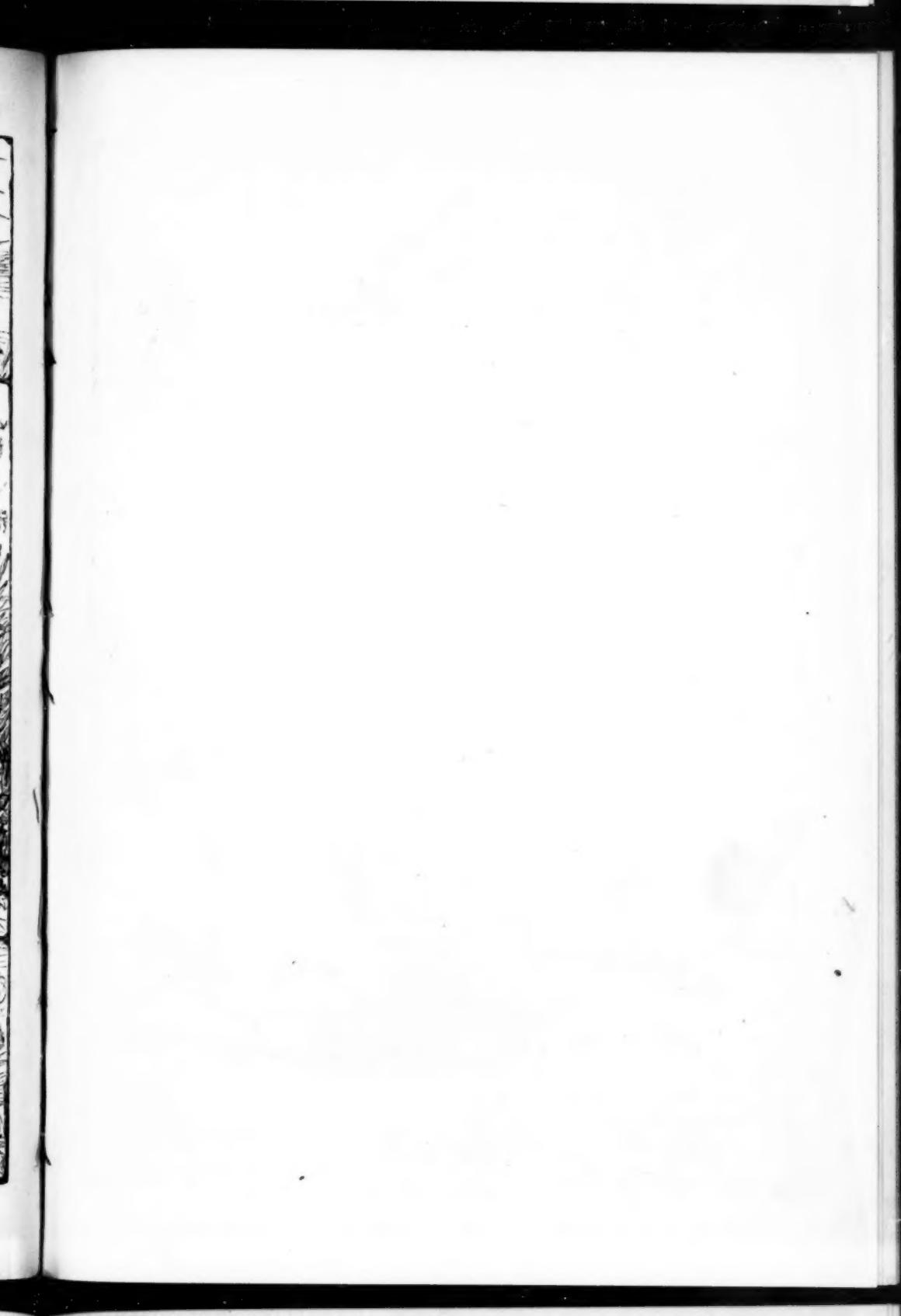
29 Henry Clay died, 1852.

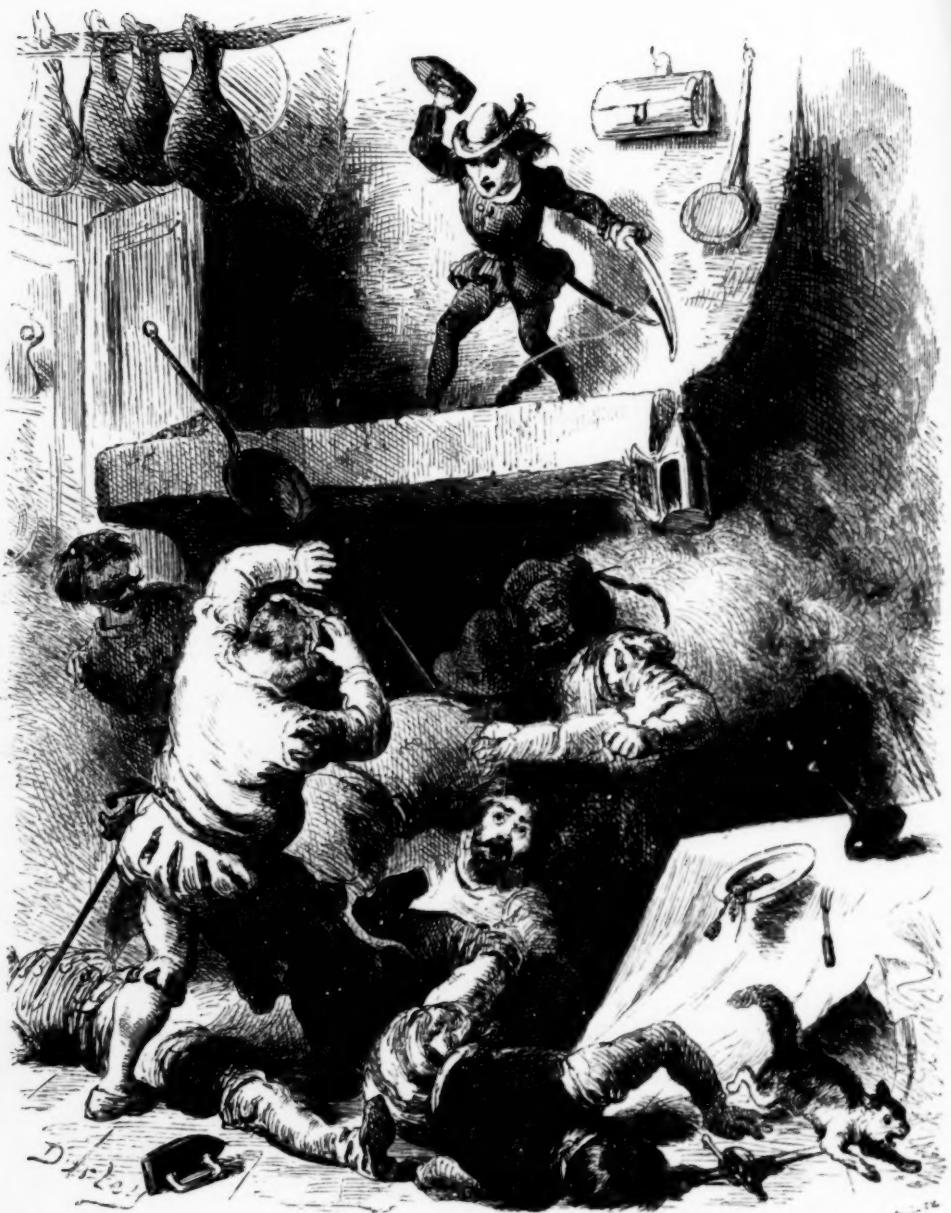
Thursday . .

30 My birthday, 1859. C. G. J.

JUNE.







JACK OF THE MILL — By F. O. C. DARLEY.

[See page 332.]